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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Strenuous Idleness

"THE progress of the intellect, with all deference to those who believe in it, is not quite so obvious as the progress of mechanics. The 'reading public' has increased its capacity of swallow, in a proportion far exceeding that of its digestion. Thirty-nine years ago, steamboats were just coming into action, and the railway locomotive was not even thought of. Now everybody goes everywhere: going for the sake of going, and rejoicing in the rapidity with which they accomplish nothing. *On va, mais on ne voyage pas.* Strenuous idleness drives us on the wings of steam in boats and trains, seeking the art of enjoying life, which, after all, is in the regulation of the mind, and not in the whisking about of the body."

It is now one hundred and eight years since steam boats were coming into action and railway locomotives were not even thought of, and almost seventy years since Thomas Love Peacock wrote the preface to the new edition of "Melincourt" from which this paragraph is quoted. But the digestion of the reading public has not yet caught up with its capacity of swallow. On the contrary, many books, more magazines, and most newspapers are no longer meant to be digested at all. Like certain health foods their purpose is to give a comfortable feeling of distension without entering into the vital processes at all.

It is well enough for good readers, like the clients of this magazine, to gaze with superiority upon the shop girl devouring high-colored trash, or the subway commuter deadening his sense of time with the overwritten sporting pages; but can they resist the miasma? Have they preserved the art of enjoying life by regulating the mind, or are they victims to a more insidious form of strenuous idleness, which wearies and distracts but does not satisfy?

The novels of the past year which have most impressed thoughtful readers are each in their way protests against strenuous idleness. The tragedy of the constant nymph is a tragedy of mal-adjustment. The Sangers could never have become the Sangers except in an unbalanced civilization where those who live for art must be abnormal if they are to be true to themselves. Arrowsmith's confused fight for truth is a struggle against his own environment and most of all himself. The son in "So Big," which has just won a Pulitzer prize, is a failure because he cannot regulate his mind, whereas his mother succeeds by knowing what she wanted. And what they knew they wanted in Sidney Howard's play, which has also taken a Pulitzer prize, was escape from the ardors of living for excitement only, from an idle strenuosity.

We are slaves of transportation, of its opportunities as well as its necessities, and with every extension of the power to move the body or the voice a new perplexity is laid upon whoever would regulate the mind to due adjustment with its environment. Science has over-reached itself in providing means for expansion without control—new food without the capacity to digest it. The keen old Tory, Peacock, was righter than his reforming generation could have been made to believe; but his comment is of little use to us, unless for the emphasis which time has given it. To cut down the telephones, burn the automobiles, and tear up the railroads would merely result in starvation and anarchy, although a later generation might profit. The feeble machines of 1856 are now our masters, and we must learn to master them without destroying their functions. Here is a theme for a novel of more depth and validity than the endless mid-western protests against life on a farm by writers who never understand that their troubles come from authors as irresponsible as the leaders they satirize.

It is a calamity to have so ordered civilization that cities must grow larger if they are to succeed, and distressing to consider that not all the morality and the æsthetics in the world can save New York from disaster without more and better transportation. Whether we shall hang in effigy Fulton, Stephenson, Bell, Haines, Marconi, and De Forest as the agents of our downfall depends upon the history of the next hundred years.

Richard Plantagenet

By ISABEL VALLE

RICHARD of England's bones were found
By Bow Bridge lately, whole and sound.
. . . . . .
Splendid he lay in a coffin grand
Till his foes put forth a ribald hand;
They left his royal corpse in the lurch
To rot outside of Gray Friar church;
Of his casket they made a watering trough
For yokels to gather around and scoff.
A worth-while prince would no more mind
Than a snail to leave its shell behind;
Would any monarch—a real one—
Bother about his skeleton?
A king not feel more kingly to think
Through him the beasts had water to drink?
Foes made each ox and ass his debtor.
The less said of Richard alive the better. . . .

This Week

A Pioneer in Retrospect. By *N. J. O'Conor.*
Sark and Sussex. By *H. W. Boynton.*
What Really Happened. By *H. S. Canby.*
An Admirable Novel. By *W. R. Benét.*
A Diverting Herbert. By *David McCord.*
Heard Round the World. By *Harold Murdoch.*
Demos at the Bar. By *Louis Untermeyer.*
Troubador and Honkytonk. By *Gilbert Seldes.*
Old Myths and New Views. By *Frederick E. Pierce.*
Ordeal. By *Christopher Ward,* with illustrations by *Clarence Day, Jr.*

Next Week, or Later

The Mother's Recompense. By *Edith Wharton.* Reviewed by *H. S. Canby*
Mrs. Dalloway. By *Virginia Woolf.* Reviewed by *Richard Church.*

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The Weekly News-Magazine

America in Europe

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LEGENDS have gathered about America in Europe. Like all legends they express the wishes of the believer rather than the character of the subject. The impoverished middle-classes tell each other the story that every American workingman drives his own car; liberals hard-pressed between the dictatorships of the right and the left dream of the valiant democracy over-seas; the communists read Upton Sinclair and include the United States in the territories of the White Terror; the pre-war intellectual, hearing the jazz of the profiteers, pursued by radio into his very study, curses the Americanization of the world.

America is romance; America is refuge; America is self-justification. The legends are drawn from the accounts of European travelers, from the stories of Jack London and of Sinclair Lewis. The America of romance is refuge from a sordid here and now; the America of "Babbitt" is a source of self-justification.

No one is quite free of the influence of these legends. But in Central Europe there is a minority that is not contented with them, that gazes wistfully to America as to a source of some new impulse toward a clearer and more beautiful way of life. This minority asks for news, news from another land of the spirit, asks for books, for poems—"*Are* there poets in America?"—for, alas, philosophies. It asks, as Central Europe, still in this respect very close to the heart of life, always does, for the name and way of salvation.

* * *

One finds it enormously difficult to answer these questioners. For suddenly doubts strike upon them whether this seeking of theirs has an intelligible goal. "Karolyi, the mildest of constitutional liberals, has been forbidden to speak in America!" I find myself, curiously enough, defending America even in regard to this shameful incident by pointing out to my astonished friends that precisely in America the political life is completely alienated from the intellectual life of the country, that the two function quite separately, that the American thinker or artist regards these governmental performances with amused indifference or aloof indignation. "We," I discover myself suddenly saying, "are concerned with *Kultur*. Upon the whole the government leaves us alone except to collect the income-tax; we try to forget it after March." I point to "These United States," to "Our Changing Morality," and ask my friends to note the almost complete absence of both economic and political preoccupation.

They do not quite see what we are after. Some of the liberties we are fighting for—small, seemly liberties toward leading a decent personal life—they have never lost. Even in Poland and Hungary there is neither a Mann Act nor a Volstead Act. There are worse things, equally stupid, inconceivably more cruel. But not these. They do see, these extraordinarily intelligent questioners, that the whole of our new American literature is one of essential criticism, irony, revolt, that it is, in brief, what they call "activist" throughout. They ask for a trend and a goal and a meaning.

I find myself reading a good many American books as they come my way: the "Second Spoon River Anthology," Sherwood Anderson's "A Story Teller's Story," "Arrowsmith," Carl Van Vechten's "The Tattoed Countess," Walter F. White's "The Fire in the Flint," "The Spring Flight," by Lee J. Smits, Laurence Stallings's "Plumes."

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I find myself, in addition, reflecting upon the development of the American drama which I watched so closely for a number of years. The plays that stand out in my memory are not only those of O'Neill or of the admirable Susan Glaspell, but isolated works by Arthur Richman, Lewis Beach, Leon Cunnungham, Gilbert Emery, Jack Lawson, Kaufman and Connely, George Kelly. Books and plays and poems, often homespun in texture and faltering in technique, rarely brilliant or eloquent or scrupulously wrought, have a common aim; their authors burn with a common ardor—to break up the mechanical, imitative mass-life, to liberate the individual, to urge American men and women to live by their taste and their intelligence, not by their prejudices and their tribal passions. The methods of our writers differ. There is the obliterating tread of Dreiser, the half-dumb searching of Anderson, the laconic incisiveness of Masters, the magnificently sure and agile sword-play of Sinclair Lewis. Among the minors one finds a good deal of merely honest realistic plodding. I am thinking of such books as the late Henry Aikman's "Zell." Nor should I forget the imitators of the European expressionists, Waldo Frank and the gifted Evelyn Scott. But it is unimportant to pile up names or titles. In the perspective of distance and absence there remains no doubt in regard to the quite homogeneous character of our newer American literature. Even as the Russian literature of the nineteenth century was, beneath and beyond everything else, a literature of political revolt, so our new American literature is one of cultural and moral revolt—a libertarian literature in the broadest sense, urging, imploring, castigating man to live by the monitions of his disciplined soul, not by the dark impulses of his tribal passions.

* * *

Dimly the cultured Continental feels this. He asks for more American books. One points them out to him. He reads them and is a little disappointed. He misses *nuances;* he asks for finer discriminations. That impression of his sums up his need of us and explains his unconscious yearning. He is enmeshed in *nuances;* he is paralyzed by his discriminations. A strange mysticism is in his bones. A strange virus of authority has entered the stream of his blood. He condemns unconditionally the bloody dictatorships that now spread from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. He condemns them. Yet he cannot quite liberate himself from the philosophies on which they are based. And he wants, above most things, an ordered philosophy. He can understand the Fascisti; he can understand the French royalists. He can understand so much that, if he is a Jew, which is frequently the case, he can understand Dühering and the philosophical anti-Semite. If you say to him: All this talk is rubbish and poisonous rubbish, he feels a moment of inner liberation, next hesitates because you have missed all the *nuances,* then sinks back into his philosophically saturated despair. Yet he did have that moment of liberation. And that moment symbolizes his recurrent yearning for America, his pathetic interest in American books, scenes, customs, ideas. He knows that we are crude. He feels that in that very crudity there is something he misses, something supremely tonic and healing.

Romanticism has been his undoing—romanticism that discovered the epics, the myths, the songs of the various nationalities, that, in fact, discovered those very nationalities, next identified them with race, next with certain territories, next with power and dominance. The Poles are trying to crush White Russians and Ruthenians, the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs, Germans, the Hungarians and Italians, even the mildest forms of political dissent. The continent is sodden with romanticism, with a false and virulent historical-mindedness. The young French generation repudiates Anatole France and regards Voltaire as a shallow nuisance; the younger Germans resuscitate the romantic writers and talk about the destructive, acid-like analysis of the Jewish mind. In the youth movements the leaders of the extreme right and the extreme left understand each other well. Both believe in discipline, loyalty, order,—ideologists, like steel traps. Everyone is "religious" in a strange way that combines belligerent heathenishness with pseudo-Christian romanticism. But they are contaminated by the rancid philosophies of nationalism and loyalty and order. They flirt with America. They suspect that they are sick in mind. They suspect that from the West there is blowing a free and cleansing wind. . . .

Of course, the infection is spreading. There are Chesterton and Belloc in England; there are the Americans who begin to take the tone of mystical Nordics and, in their comparative innocence, are trying to drag into our midst the romanticism of race myths and hate and blood. But they are still comparatively innocent. A brief residence in Poland would, for instance, re-ally my friend, Mrs. Austin, with the true American tradition of liberty and racial equality—with Thoreau and Whitman. . . . Meanwhile our new literature is uncontaminated. It is the freest, most rational, most humane and, in the highest sense, decent literary movement now active in the world. It is uninhibited by the blood and hatred of what goes under the name of history; it is unacquainted with the more dangerous romantic influences. It has a dash of the eighteenth century at its best—a dash of the human vitality of Fielding, of the supreme and supremely precious good sense of Hume. Even when our writers use the technique of the expressionists, as Elmer Rice did, for instance, in "The Adding Machine," their intellectual intention is still the same clean and worthy one—to break down superstition and mass-mindedness, to aim a blow for liberty which is also peace.

It is in some such fashion that I try to explain to my liberal friends in Europe their wistfulness about America. There are enough mad things in America, I grant them. There are Ku Klux Klaners, quite like their own *Hakenkreuzler;* there are the ultra-academic critics who think they are opposing romanticism and are, however unconsciously, in league with its most evil consequences; there are, I admit not without a shudder, people in prison for their political or economic opinions. But, I can conscientiously add, the spirit of Whitman is not dead. It is, in truth, more alive than ever. The best and most influential of our newer writers, men who in profoundest reality are helping to mold the future of America, know nothing of history or nationalistic romance in the European sense and plead for reason, for tolerance, for liberty. Once the oppressed of the world could come to us. The sinister infection of romantic nationalism has stopped that. But the oppressed in mind can come to us today—to those of us who, almost alone in the world, have not lost touch with the half-forgotten spirit of reason and of freedom.

This is what, dimly enough, many cultured Europeans suspect. American books are being read; American books are being translated. A wind of healing blows from the West. . . .

A Pioneer in Retrospect

ESSAYS. By W. B. YEATS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. $2.50.

PLAYS AND CONTROVERSIES. By W. B. YEATS. The same.

Reviewed by NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

THE traffic policeman regulating with red and green lights the stream of motor vehicles suggests the relation of Mr. W. B. Yeats to the stream of English literature. It is now thirty years since Mr. Yeats first devoted himself to drawing the attention of readers of English to the Irish literary revival, to the importance of the green island as a treasure-house of ancient, and an active force in modern, literature. Small wonder was it that he attracted notice when the temper of the time was to seek for the new and the unusual. Strange and melodious Irish names, picture-making adjectives, could not fail to enchant the mind and pique the curiosity of the eighteen-nineties. The poet's loyal service to letters in his native land rallied other writers about him until the Irish literature of the Celtic renaissance has become familiar to many who had before associated Ireland only with slums and servants. But Mr. Yeats was a pioneer. Like that of all pioneers, his work suffers when examined after a considerable passage of time; the lesson which he taught has been learned; many of the illustrations that once seemed new and profound are at last familiar, and, sometimes, even trivial.

In the collected edition of Mr. Yeats's work now being issued by the Macmillan Company are included two volumes—"Essays" and "Plays and Controversies"—which affect the reader strangely as he returns to their contents in this third year of the Irish Free State. Of the "Essays" fully half were written between 1896 and 1903, and many of the other papers before 1915. With their talk of symbolism, their studied æstheticism, they belong definitely to a period, rather than to permanent literature; they were excellent for their purpose, but that purpose has been served. Ireland has at length her share of careful craftsmen and her place in contemporary literature largely because of the example and the leadership of Mr. Yeats.

In turning from the "Essays" to the "Plays and Controversies" one feels a warmth and an interest lacking in the author of the former volume. The Abbey Theatre has long been a leader among little theatres, with an influence reaching far beyond Ireland. To read in Mr. Yeats's book of the history and of the policy of that theatre is to be stimulated by an account of difficulties resolutely overcome and of high ideals and achievements in playwrighting, acting, and production. The plays here included are already familiar: the charming "Countess Cathleen," considerably altered in the earlier scenes, which have been rewritten in the rather loose blank verse of the author's recent work; the lovely "Land of Heart's Desire," much improved for acting by the possibility of certain omissions; and a series of Noh plays representing Mr. Yeats at his vaguest. Each of these latter might be called a piece past understanding, if it were not remembered that they were written for the drawing-room rather than for the theatre, and are not to be judged according to ordinary stage conventions.

In "Plays and Controversies" Mr. Yeats says, "One casts something away every year, and I shall, I think, have to cast away the hope of ever having a prose style that amounts to anything." When one remembers "Reveries Over Childhood and Youth" and passages of "The Celtic Twilight" one is tempted to disagree vehemently with this statement, yet it must be admitted that as a writer of the serious essay Mr. Yeats does not appear to advantage. Nearly every essay suffers from incoherence; it fails to make a definite impression as a whole, though the consistently well-modulated language appeals to the ear; there are frequent aphorisms and phrases that cling to the memory, many beautiful sentences and paragraphs. Epigrams such as, "the commonplace shall inherit the earth" and "We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry" are notable; there could not be a more harmonious passage than one near the close of the essay on "The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry":

> I think, too, that as he knelt before an altar, where a thin flame burnt in a lamp made of green agate, a single vision would have come to him again and again, a vision of a boat drifting down a broad river between high hills where there were caves and towers, and following the light of one Star; and that voices would have told him how there is for every man some one scene, some one adventure, some one picture that is the image of his secret life, for wisdom first speaks in images, if he would but brood over it his life long, would lead his soul, disentangled from unmeaning circumstances and the ebb and flow of the world, into that far household, where the undying gods await all whose souls have become simple as flame, whose bodies have become quiet as an agate lamp.

However, with the exception of "The Countess Cathleen" and "The Land of Heart's Desire" it seems unlikely that the contents of "Essays" and "Plays and Controversies" will do much to sustain the place in Anglo-Irish and English literature already assured Mr. Yeats by his poetry; their interest will be chiefly for the student of literary tendencies, of the relation between the Irish renaissance and the æsthetic movement of the eighteen-nineties, the renaissance and Gaelic literature, and the rise of the non-commercial art theatre. For whether writing prose or verse, Mr. Yeats is always a poet; he has the poet's concern with the spiritual in his constant inspiring summons to look beyond ourselves. After the fashion of the poets, he is also inclined suddenly to follow the bypath which may interest him; in his case the bypath is usually some reflection about magic, the occult, or spiritism. These digressions are confusing and tantalizing to the reader who is not always aware of the connection in the author's mind. Perhaps Mr. Yeats's incoherence is a racial characteristic; a similar lack of clarity is to be found upon page after page of writing in Old and Middle Irish. As the avowed purpose of the Irish literary revival was to bring into English literature certain characteristics of the older Gaelic, we should hesitate to complain when some of the weaknesses appear together with many of the beauties.

One cannot turn from these volumes without realizing that the time has come for scholarship seriously to consider the Irish renaissance in its relation to Gaelic and to English literature. It has passed from the stage of mere literary appreciation to that of literary study.

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Sark and Susse

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New York E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $2.00.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

HERE is a novel that has had the doubtful advantage of presentation to American readers in the abbreviated form of a magazine serial. Editorial policies are always a mystery to the lay intelligence, and Sheila Kaye-Smith's work seems peculiarly ill-adapted for this kind of treatment. Her method is cumulative, not episodic, we need every word of her narrative to get the full effect. She is leisurely but not discursive: here she differs from Phillpotts, with whom at first sight we are likely to range her. Like him (that is, like the Dartmoor Phillpotts), she studies human nature in its rural setting and atmosphere. She has much of his descriptive magic, but of this in her later novels she is very sparing. Mere decoration has no place in the careful economy of her method. And indeed, we are sure she would wish least of all to be accused of a noticeable "style." No doubt her freedom from the tricks of the contemporary trade, and from any straining after a novel individual accent, is partly responsible for our sense of her freshness and originality as a story-teller.

Like so much current fiction, "The George and the Crown" studies the human comedy in terms of the average villager: which means, of course, the average villager vitalized or sublimated to the point where he may be made to seem worthy of prolonged and sympathetic study. The real "average villager," or ordinary fellow-citizen, can't mean much to us. Even when he robs the bank or murders his wife, he is but a flash in the neighborhood pan. We may say that we always felt something queer about him, or that we never should have thought him capable of it; but the most we get out of him is a momentary and rather insalutary "kick." The deep dramatic thrill comes from understanding, or from that fruitful illusion of understanding which is the priceless gift of art.

Accordingly, the people in "The George and the Crown" are a good deal more than the average villagers they appear to be at first glance. This reality is not only a reality of type and color, but a reality both universal and sharply individual. They are every man, they are ourselves, but they are even more themselves. It is a story of marked localism —of a double localism rather. Tom Sheather, landlord of the George, has married a girl of Sark, and of her bred three sons in whom the racial strains are diversely mingled. The time is the present, the place is the village of Bullockdean in Sussex, then the island of Sark, then Bullockdean again. The George and the Crown are taverns which face each other across the narrow village street. Munk, the landlord of the Crown, runs a respectable house; Tom Sheather caters for the rowdy element, racing men, drunken poachers, and sailors on the loose. His Sark wife, always a homesick alien, has grown shrewish with the years: Tom blunders on, irresponsible and gay, and the George sinks as the Crown prospers.

This is primarily the story of the second son Dan. He is a simple-hearted lad, affectionate as a dog, devoted to his friend young Ernley Munk across the way. Ernley has had some polite schooling, is half a gentleman in manner, and lives to take, not to give. He takes a girl of the neighborhood, Belle Shackford, a passionate slattern. But old Munk will not hear of marriage, and the affair is broken off; whereupon Dan, who has often acted as go-between for the quarreling pair, aspires to marry lovely Belle. She is disposed to take him, for safety; but it will not do. Old Munk dies and Ernley marries her; somehow they belong to each other. Dan is moved to escape, and goes to visit his mother's brothers in Sark. There his other heritage possesses him for awhile; he has a brief idyllic marriage with a Sark girl. Her death rouses him, and he brings his little son back with him to the Sussex village where, after all, he seems to belong.

But lovely Belle is still there, across the way, and the old feeling stirs in poor Dan, and again Belle is tempted to find refuge from her unhappy passion for her husband in Dan's quiet arms. [illegible] again it will not do; again they both realize that [illegible] restless union with Ernley is the only union she [illegible] know; and Dan goes off to sea, obeying another mandate of his blood, leaving his child with the plain, solid woman whom he will sooner or later take to be his mate. He is, as his mother says, made for marriage, and may find happiness with any woman whose heart is warm and whose eyes are kind. . . . So much for the simple "plot"; the remarkable merit of the book lies, of course, in qualities which cannot be conveyed at second-hand. Here, as elsewhere, the author shows herself to be an artist and interpreter with few peers among the story-tellers of the day.

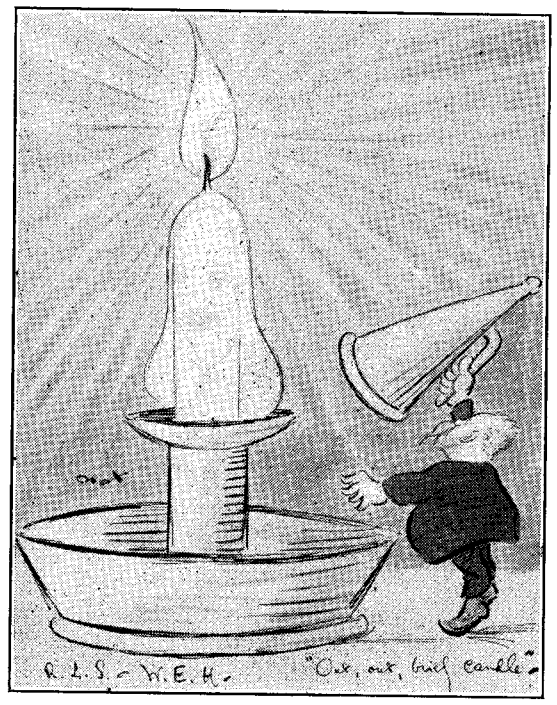
What Really Happened

"SIXTY-FOUR, NINETY-FOUR!" By R. H. MOTTRAM. New York: The Dial Press. 1925. $2.00.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"Sixty-four, ninety-four—
He'll never go sick no more,
The poor beggar's dead."

THE words the camp cooks sang to the bugle's "sick parade" explain the title of this book. Its substance is curious and interesting. A year ago Mr. Mottram published a novel, "The Spanish Farm," which many, and this reviewer among them, felt to be a sincere and original narrative, with, in its heroine, Madeleine, a convincing portrait of a continental type of the feminine perhaps never so well done before in English. It was one of those novels which one feels to be close to real experience but raised by art into interpretation and by imagination into a portrait of another's soul. And now Mr. Mottram publishes the real story—his story, not Madeleine's—in which the war is hero because through four years it was a major



William Ernest Henley putting the snuffers on Stevenson's fame. From a drawing by Max Beerbohm reproduced through the courtesy of Mrs. Murray Crane.

experience, and Madeleine, like the many other characters who come in and out of the narrative, sinks into proportion—a moving figure, but no longer the focus of the tale. Those interested in what differentiates a novel from a narrative of selected experience may find much to instruct them in a comparison of these two books.

But it would be unfair to "Sixty-four, Ninety-four!" to recommend it merely to literary technicians. It stands on its own feet as an unusually rich and sensitive record of a war that was humorous as well as dirty, picturesque as well as horrible, by a sensitive, intelligent spirit controlling a subtle pen. Mottram has none of the animus of Barbusse, none of the obsession with detail of dos Passos; he has no thesis to prove by the war except the philosophy of frustration and the sense of duty satisfied which came to most thinking soldiers. And perhaps because he wrote fiction before he tried his hand at publishing truth, he gets an unusual grasp of his subject. We move little in the story, scarcely out of Belgium, but all the war comes past us, and there is gained for the reader the intimacy which comes from following one man and his friends, and yet a view too, and always, of the panoramic background. This combination most war books lack, as so many of them lack the grace and the humor and the tenderness of this book.

Mr. Mottram says simply and honestly in his preface that unless those who saw much of the war set it down while they may, we shall have only official documents and second-hand histories, from which the next generation will never learn the actuality of what was a nightmare of waste if no way of future avoidance comes out of it. He has written as he remembered in the hope of catching some truth. I think that he has succeeded and chiefly because, like Whitman in his descriptions of our Civil War, he has been intensely personal without for one moment allowing theory, opinion, grudge, or bias to intrude. We were overfed upon a humorous romanticism while the war was on, until the civilian found that "The Better 'Ole" exactly expressed his idea of the front line; then after the war it was all told, and we were drenched with sombre realism full of a disgust and weariness that was not so evident while the fighting was on. Mottram is an antidote for either extreme.

And it should be added that this book is full of action as well as of a character. Thanks to his knowledge of French and of engineering, and the professional soldier's incapacity, the author was shunted from job to job—all dangerous, and all interesting. How readers can say "It's a war book, I won't read it" of such a story is incomprehensible to me. But if they still imagine that war books cannot interest them and insist upon goat stalking in Zanzibar or the exciting adventures of a barnstormer this quiet yet moving story of the great adventure of our times is not for them.

An Admirable Novel

THE GREAT GATSBY. By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE book finished, we find again, at the top of page three, the introductory remark:

No—Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it was what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men.

Scott Fitzgerald's new novel is a remarkable analysis of this "foul dust." And his analysis leads him, at the end of the book, to the conclusion that all of us "beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." There is depth of philosophy in this.

The writer—for the story is told in the first person, but in a first person who is not exactly the author, but rather one of the number of personalities that compose the actual author,—the hypothecated chronicler of Gatsby is one in whose tolerance all sorts and conditions of men confided. So he came to Gatsby, and the history of Gatsby, obscured by the "foul dust" aforementioned, "fair sickened" him of human nature.

"The Great Gatsby" is a disillusioned novel, and a mature novel. It is a novel with pace, from the first word to the last, and also a novel of admirable "control." Scott Fitzgerald started his literary career with enormous facility. His high spirits were infectious. The queer charm, color, wonder, and drama of a young and reckless world beat constantly upon his senses, stimulated a young and intensely romantic mind to a mixture of realism and extravaganza shaken up like a cocktail. Some people are born with a knack, whether for cutting figure eights, curving an in-sheet, picking out tunes on the piano, or revealing some peculiar charm of their intelligence on the typewritten page. Scott Fitzgerald was born with a knack for writing. What they call "a natural gift." And another gift of the fairies at his christening was a reckless confidence in himself. And he was quite intoxicated with the joy of life and rather engagingly savage toward an elder world. He was out "to get the world by the neck" and put words on paper in the patterns his exuberant fancy suggested. He didn't worry much about what had gone before Fitzgerald in literature. He dreamed gorgeously of what there was in Fitzgerald to "tell the world."

And all these elements contributed to the amazing performance of "This Side of Paradise," amazing in its excitement and gusto, amazing in phrase and epithet, amazing no less for all sorts of thoroughly bad writing pitched in with the good, for preposterous carelessness, and amazing as well as for the sheer pace of the narrative and the fresh quality of its oddly pervasive poetry. Short stories of flappers and philosophers displayed the same vitality and flourished much the same faults. "Tales of the Jazz Age" inhabited the same glamour. "The Beautiful and Damned," while still in the mirage,

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furnished a more valuable document concerning the younger generation of the first quarter of the Twentieth Century. But brilliant, irrefutably brilliant as were certain passages of the novels and tales of which the "boy wonder" of our time was so lavish, arresting as were certain gleams of insight, intensely promising as were certain observed facilities, there remained in general, glamour, glamour everywhere, and, after the glamour faded, little for the mind to hold except an impression of this kinetic glamour.

There ensued a play, in which the present writer found the first act (as read) excellent and the rest as satire somehow stricken with palsy, granted the cleverness of the original idea. There ensued a magazine phase in which, as was perfectly natural, most of the stories were negligible, though a few showed flashes. But one could discern the demands of the "market" blunting and dulling the blade of that bright sword wildly whirled. One began to believe that Fitzgerald was coming into line with the purveyors of the staple product. And suddenly one wanted him back in the phase when he was writing so well and, at the same time, writing so very badly. Today he was writing, for the most part, on an even level of magazine acceptability, and on an even level of what seemed perilously like absolute staleness of mind toward anything really creative.

* * *

But "The Great Gatsby" comes suddenly to knock all that surmise into a cocked hat. "The Great Gatsby" reveals thoroughly matured craftsmanship. It has structure. It has high occasions of felicitous, almost magic, phrase. And most of all, it is out of the mirage. For the first time Fitzgerald surveys the Babylonian captivity of this era unblinded by the bright lights. He gives you the bright lights in full measure, the affluence, the waste, but also the nakedness of the scaffolding that scrawls skeletons upon the sky when the gold and blue and red and green have faded, the ugly passion, the spiritual meagreness, the empty shell of luxury, the old irony of "fair-weather friends."

Gatsby remains. The mystery of Gatsby is a mystery saliently characteristic of this age in America. And Gatsby is only another modern instance of the eternal "fortunate youth." His actual age does not matter, in either sense. For all the cleverness of his hinted nefarious proceedings, he is the coney caught. For he is a man with a dream at the mercy of the foul dust that sometimes seems only to exist in order to swarm against the dream, whose midge-dance blots it from the sky. It is a strange dream, Gatsby's,—but he was a man who had hope. He was a child. He believed in a childish thing.

It is because Fitzgerald makes so acid on your tongue the taste of the defeat of Gatsby's childishness that his book, in our opinion, "acquires merit." And there are parts of the book, notably the second chapter, that, in our opinion, could not have been better written. There are astonishing feats that no one but Fitzgerald could have brought off, notably the catalogue of guests in Chapter IV. And Tom Buchanan, the "great, big hulking specimen," is an American university product of almost unbearable reality.

* * *

Yet one feels that, though irony has entered into Fitzgerald's soul, the sense of mere wonder is still stronger. And, of course, there is plenty of entertainment in the story. It arises in part from the almost photographic reproduction of the actions, gestures, speech of the types Fitzgerald has chosen in their moments of stress. Picayune souls for the most part, and Gatsby heroic among them only because he is partly a crazy man with a dream. But what does all that matter with the actual narration so vivid and graphic? As for the drama of the accident and Gatsby's end, it is the kind of thing newspapers carry every day, except that here is a novelist who has gone behind the curt paragraphs and made the real people live and breathe in all their sordidness. They are actual, rich and poor, cultivated and uncultivated, seen for a moment or two only or followed throughout the story. They are memorable individuals of today—not types.

Perhaps you have gathered that we like the book! We do. It has some miscues, but they seem to us negligible. It is written with concision and precision and mastery of material.

A Diverting Herbert

THE OLD FLAME. By A. P. HERBERT. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by DAVID MCCORD

THE incurable avids, the devotees of *Punch*, who are there thrice familiar with the writing of Mr. A. P. Herbert, and even those who have tracked him to the bookstalls (the "Bomber Gypsy" verse, "The Secret Battle," "The Man About Town," and "Tinker, Tailor") will be agreeably surprised to find from his pen a new and diverting product, a departure, which is neither a novel nor a short story, but a Herbert compromise, snatched from the pure serene of his idle fancy. When Mr. Herbert writes like this, in a very flawless style, on a very improving theme (the holiday from married life), and with the very rare and artless humor so irrevocably English, there are no possible grounds for stricture. Some afternoon this lazy summer I shall settle myself in a hammock and prove to my lasting satisfaction that "The Old Flame" is really as good as I now think it is. What more can one say in its favor?

One of the interesting things about it is that "The Old Flame" arrives as the direct outgrowth of another form of prose. The diminutive essay, which dawns and darkens upon the restricted "I," and which is now much in favor as a sort of easy ricksha of humor, owns an endearing charm. It is used more to advantage in England than here. We tend to overload it; the English do not. It is a form long familiar and most acceptable to Mr. Herbert, who delights in its changes of pace, its surprises, its waggish authority, its needled ironies, and odd megrims. He has made it attractively his own; and now, in the delicate process of romancing, he has claimed the better parts for a new means to an old end. His conversation—it is nearly all conversation in "The Old Flame"—runs to a little more than sparkle. It is inordinately bright.

The "Holiday Moon," says Mr. Herbert in substance if not in fact, offers a convenient safety-valve in the course of an exacting married life. "About once in every two years Angela and I, like other couples, arrive at a stage when a month's separation would clearly be the best thing for us. Unlike the others, we take it. Angela calls it the 'Rest Cure.' I call it the 'Holiday Moon.'" The particular separation is consummated, and quite without tears, as quickly as page eighteen. The eleven remaining chapters are dispassionately devoted to a very engaging flirtation between Mr. Moon and Miss Phyllis Fair. There is absolutely no use in attempting to describe Phyllis Fair. She is very slender. . . . "She wore a little toque." I think she removed it in a late chapter, but I am not sure. Mr. Moon is subtle, amusing, persuasive, and much too much the bachelor-opportunist to be married. The reader may be fairly certain he is not himself at home. How fortunate that A. P. H. knew him when he did.

Heard Round the World

THE DAY OF CONCORD AND LEXINGTON. By ALLEN FRENCH. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $4.

REVIEWED BY HAROLD MURDOCK

Author of "Earl Percy Dines Abroad"

MR. FRENCH'S book is characterized by a firm grasp of facts and a commendably impartial spirit. While clearly aglow with anniversary enthusiasm, he maintains a judicial attitude toward his evidence. He reiterates again and again his processes in this respect, and while eliminating much useless if time-honored material, he yet manages to present us with a volume of 295 pages. Probably no writer on the subject since Frothingham has made so thorough and painstaking an inspection of local authorities. His researches have been rewarded by the discovery of some new material, for the most part unimportant, but still of value to future students of our Revolutionary history. This enables Mr. French to convert the Rev. Mr. Emerson from a lay figure into a living, if not a winsome, personage in the battle story. In the few cases where the author appeals to the evidence of 1825 or even of a later day, he sees to it that his reader understands what he is doing. The utterances of the venerable Amos Barrett add picturesqueness if not information to the narrative.

There is some interesting comment upon American marksmanship, and a unique and valuable feature of the book is its discussion of the military tactics and weapons of the day. The author quotes Marshal Saxe and Humphrey Bland, and cites the echoes of their formulas as they appear in Timothy Pickering's "Easy Plan." Future writers on our Revolutionary history will find here a short cut to certain helpful knowledge. Perhaps in the application of this technical information to certain events, notably those on Lexington Common and at Concord Bridge, Mr. French carries his theories to a perilously fine point. Using Doolittle's first print as fundamental authority on British alignments at Lexington, he proceeds to speculate upon Pitcairn's probable subsequent procedure. Now Earl, from whose sketches Doolittle engraved, is hardly a safe guide to follow on details, particularly as they refer to British activities. His work is valuable for its topographical accuracy, and his portrayal of the Provincial dispersal at Lexington and the Provincial resistance at Concord doubtless reveals those episodes as they were understood at the time. But he merely drew soldiers marching, fighting, or running away, and it is useless to study him for more minute facts than these. He errs in showing the Grenadiers instead of the Light Infantry firing at Lexington, and, as Mr. French indicates, he ignorantly portrays Smith's column marching unconcernedly along the road in the rear of the firing line. Doolittle's fourth print, where the British monopolize the whole stage, is a veritable medley of errors.

The certain fact at Lexington seems to be that the bloodshed resulted from Pitcairn's attempt to surround and disarm the fleeing minute men. "*Lay down your arms* and disperse,"—that was the gist of the Mayor's command. Whether he gave the proper orders in the crisis is indeterminable, but in the forward rush confusion ensued, enemies came into close contact, and the first shots were fired. More than that we shall probably never know. Mr. French thinks the firing was not promiscuous. The evidence indicates that it was not orderly and that it probably did not involve all of the troops.

At Concord Bridge the author advances a more interesting and not impossible theory that Captain Laurie attempted the street-firing formation of the day. He thinks this would have been successful had his subordinates been acquainted with the manœuvre and with their men. But is there any reason to suppose that the officers of the Light Infantry were any less intelligent in their profession than those of the 14th and 29th Regiments in 1770, who managed to align their commands for street firing on the night of the Boston Massacre? Moreover, of the eight officers at the bridge, only one seems to have been detailed and a stranger. Barker's diagnosis that Laurie did not allow himself time to adopt any proper formation has still much to commend it, and of course the situation was complicated by the wounding of four of the eight officers by the first fire.

Mr. French's theories are not cited as blemishes in his book. Any writer upon this highly controversial subject must offer theories, and our author is far better qualified to do so than most of his predecessors. The general reader in search of a fair and well-written narrative of the incidents of the Day of Lexington and Concord may turn confidently to Mr. French's book as the best of the sort that has yet been written. He has proved that the interest of the story is in no way dependent upon an undue flaunting of modern heroics or upon the nursing of an ancient grudge.

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Demos at the Bar

DIONYSUS IN DOUBT. By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE caption of this review is not wholly mine. The obvious pun may be charged against me; the implied *double entendre*, however, is implicit in the two long poems which open and close Mr. Robinson's new volume. In the first, in which the god speaks to the poet, Dionysus is genuinely in doubt—and what he is in doubt about is nothing more nor less than the theory of democracy in general and America's application of it in particular. In the final poem, a dialogue entitled "Demos and Dionysus," the ecstatic one no longer advances his arguments with a questioning eyebrow and an accompanying shrug. "The wasteful god" spares neither his epithets nor his opponent's feelings; never in American literature—not even in the most scornful pages of Sinclair Lewis nor the bitterest invectives of Edgar Lee Masters—has there been a more caustic arraignment of our standardization ("Reason and Equality"), of mechanistic comfort, and, above all, the impulse to eliminate emotion and fantasy or "ration them into reason." Dionysus, for all his scorn of the mob, would save Demos even from himself. When Demos, insisting on a world in which the souring hopes of individuals will all be sweetened with sympathetic honey, says to Dionysus, "Where a few that are peculiar would precede the many, measures are always waiting," his contemptuous rival replies:

> If there be not
> A few that are peculiar in your world,
> Your world will be a more peculiar place
> Than all your nightmares have inhabited;
> And howsoever you compel your zeal
> To swallow your deceit, I'll apprehend
> Their presence even in your machinery.
> Something will break if they are not subdued.

It must not be gathered from the preceding paragraphs that Robinson has descended to polemics and mere political diatribe. Robinson's distinguished accents lift every phrase above the merely argumentative; the darkest of his predictions are illumined by "the salvage of a smile." The initial poem is possibly the more definitely "poetic" of the two major exhibits; phrase after phrase startles one with its shrewd concision. One does not lightly forget his estimate.

> Of a complacent yet impatient folk,
> Anticipating and somewhat at ease
> Already with millennial ecstasies
> Of much too much at once.

Beginning in a tone of banter, the verse, which is little more than a mocking monologue, is sharpened until polite speech is no longer pretended. Toward the end, the god, discarding his prelude of whimsical courtesy, exclaims:

> Freedom, familiar and at ease meanwhile
> With your perennial smile,
> Goes on with her old guile:
> Having enjoined your conscience and your diet,
> She spreads again her claws,
> Preparatory, one infers,
> From energy like hers,
> For the infliction of more liberty;
> And reckless of who reads them or desires them,
> Regardless of who heeds them or requires them,
> Fearful of someone left who might be quiet,
> She clamps again her jaws
> And makes a few more laws.

It is a neatly ironical circumstance that this double indictment is placed in the mouth of the one god which Demos has considered most dead, the god which, according to Bulfinch, represents not only the power of wine but, because of the grape's social influence, is incidentally the promoter of civilization.

Besides the two Dionysian-Democratic controversies, there are two other long poems and three groups of sonnets. "Genevieve and Alexandra" is one of Robinson's most successful analyses of women; both sisters are pictured motionless in the midst of a drama which is no less moving for being static. "Mortmain" (originally entitled "Avenal Gray" when it first appeared in *Poetry*) is a quieter but equally revealing study of a woman of fifty, half child and half "Miss Methuselah!" In a purely contemporary sense, it is one of the most "modern" poems of our time, being an extraordinarily sensitive projection of what the Freudians recognize as the brother-complex. But Robinson's work has never had the least reliance on novelty or temporary fashions of thought; "Llewellyn and the Tree" is one of this generation's most searching psychoanalytical poems—and it was written before the unconscious became the undergraduate's household word.

An entire article could be devoted to the eighteen sonnets which Robinson has wisely divided into three scattered groups. Some of them are barbed satires, a few have almost the quality of meditative lyrics. One of the most exquisite of the latter sort is "The Sheaves," in which Robinson, without borrowing the treacherous wings of rhetoric, rises to one of the loveliest sestets in American poetry.

> So in a land where all days are not fair,
> Fair days went on till on another day
> A thousand golden sheaves were lying there,
> Shining and still, but not for long to stay—
> As if a thousand girls with golden hair
> Might rise from where they slept and go away.

Once in a while the poet yields to the repetitive twist which, once so effective, has been used too often by his admirers and imitators. In the very octave of "The Sheaves" he repeats this gesture which no longer conveys to us the vast suggestions which the poet intends:

> And with a mighty meaning of a kind
> That tells the more the more it is not told.

But the majority, like Robinson's best preceding examples, are vivid dramas packed into fourteen lines. "Karma," "En Passant," "Reunion," and in particular "Haunted House", are sure to be plundered by the anthologists. If sonnets can assume the proportion of dramatic narratives, Robinson's have achieved this almost impossible feat. And—though here and there the poet allows his turn of cryptic implication to seem a too frequently performed trick—if anything is needed to disprove the charge that Robinson is allowing his idiom to dictate itself, this volume is a complete and cumulative answer.

Troubadour and Honkytonk

TROUBADOUR. An Autobiography. By ALFRED KREYMBORG. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $3.

TWENTY YEARS ON BROADWAY AND THE YEARS IT TOOK TO GET THERE. By GEORGE M. COHAN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by GILBERT SELDES
Author of "The Seven Lively Arts"

IF you take these two records separately you will find them interesting; taken together they are perplexing in the extreme. They illustrate that unhappy split between the highbrow and the lowbrow which Van Wyck Brooks analyzed years ago and which remains, apparparently, irremediable. Alfred Kreymborg, for all his swift emotional responses to the world, apprehends many things with the eye of the mind; he enjoys the enrichment which comes to a man when he can both experience and meditate over experience; he is a man and a poet and a philosopher. If George M. Cohan thinks—and on certain subjects he thinks deeply—he omits his speculations from the record of his life. Twenty-five hundred years of Western civilization are as if they were not. The bewilderment comes from not knowing which is the happier man, or the wiser man, or the more civilized man.

Cohan's book—to take the two separately—is no good. It is a bluff, with an eye on the suckers not from the hick towns but in the Lambs Club and the Friars. It is smart in every sense, beginning with the title page which calls the book "The true story of a trouper's life from the cradle to the 'closed shop,'" snapping the whip in the last two words; it indicates that Cohan is a man who never was interested in his life, but only in what he was doing at any given moment. The record is casual, sloppy, and talented. It misses the essence of George M. Cohan and gives instead the essence of a legendary Cohan, the swell-head, the Yankee-Doodle-Kid, the "kind of little guy" he was. It is as if the repute of Cohan as a swell-head still annoyed him and he decided to go his critics one better and show them how much of a ranter and boaster he actually was, how much worse than they thought him—and then "kid" himself gracefully out of it. He tells everything he can remember to his own credit or discredit as a fresh song-book boy and a know-it-all; he tells how at the age of fourteen or so he offered to rewrite the script of a play, which had already run two years, "to improve it." All the early struggles are set down in an effort to make little Georgie the most insufferable lad in the world. And then Cohan rushes rapidly through the years of his actual triumph.

This triumph includes thirty-one plays written and produced by himself and fourteen collaborations; five hundred songs and musical numbers; a varying degree of interest, from producing to financing, one hundred and twenty-eight theatrical attractions; owning and running theatres; and in addition appearing nearly four thousand times in his own plays. To do all this between twenty and forty-six requires something superhuman in energy; to have done most of it with style is the indication of a superb talent.

But Cohan has kept the talent out of his book. The pictures of trouper life in the honkytonks is only a picture of bad little Georgie and his sensible and talented family; there is no sight nor smell of the theatre; there is only the rush of Georgie doing his work. He is always grabbing a pencil, running for a train, shooting publicity through the country, dashing off a song.

And at the very end there is a little revelation. Cohan was proud of the success he made as an actor in The Song and Dance Man—proud because he knew the actors recognized his talent. He had wanted that all his life; but what he wanted, what he felt, what he thought—don't ask him. He's busy with something else.

As far as I am concerned he is busy being one of the most talented writers of comedies and by all odds the best actor in America.

* * *

Kreymborg's record of activities is as varied as Cohan's and into it he has fused, rather than dovetailed, the record of his emotions and his thoughts. Some of these the reader must find uninteresting and unimportant; but they are important in the book because they make this an honest autobiography and give the portrait of a complete man, and not of a lay figure. And because Kreymborg is real and honest in the book, and because he has a gift for that sort of thing, a hundred other people emerge neatly sketched and a period in American literary history achieves its definitive record. The book begins with an evocation of the life of New York in the days of After the Ball, but it is not the New York of Fifth Avenue and Broadway; it is New York as the little son of a German cigarmaker saw it from a little shop on Third Avenue, in the midst of the serious and kindly and cultivated middle class Germans who lived there at the time. It moves toward Greenwich Village and away, then into the Village, and eventually, through Main Street to Europe. It is always the story of a man whom life interested passionately, who loved the arts, and who had the perverse idea that new things might be good. He was a pioneer in his own poetry and remains to this day a pioneer in breaking paths for other strange men to follow.

At the age of forty (not twice thirty) Kreymborg can write an autobiography which is American, because he loves and understands America. It is the story of an American who hasn't a fortune, who knew no cute tricks for getting famous men's autographs, and who will never endow a peace prize. It is in short exactly the opposite of Mr. Bok's record; it is the story of a man who wanted to prosper all those things in America which the mind and the spirit could savor, those things, incidentally, by which America must eventually be at least as frequently judged as by its bad journalism and its bathtubs. Kreymborg's mind is not the beautiful instrument of Henry Adams, the spirit not nearly so mystical and perplexed as that of Sherwood Anderson. It is more the average intelligent being than the man of exceptional talent or genius which is here displayed. But it is the record of a creative personality.

And here, although no justice has been done to the vividness and serenity of Kreymborg's narrative, Cohan pops up again. He, too, is creative, but it seems by accident. He is vastly interested in the financial returns on his investments of time and talent; he works with any material which may bring the populace to the box office. He has done much for actors and playwrights, but no one appears in his book of the quality of Frost and Stevens, of Pound and Marianne Moore, of Sandburg and Anderson, and Hartley and Stieglitz—the characteristic figures of Kreymborg's life. Between the two men, their interests and their emotions, even, there seems to be a perpetual gulf.

And yet, specifically, Kreymborg has been in

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vaudeville and probably enjoys a great many of the entertainments which Cohan provides. Nothing so active, alert, and assured as Cohan's art can escape Kreymborg's sympathetic interest. And I fancy that if Cohan could be inveigled out of Longacre Square, to some obscure spot where Kreymborg's puppets live, he would enjoy that, also. The gulf is a little artificial, and so far the limited ones, the pedantic ones, the shrivelling intellectuals have been the only ones to cross. They haven't always crossed with the most honorable intentions, but at least they have discovered that there is another half, and that the other half is at least as alive as their own.

Old Myths and New Views

WILLIAM BLAKE IN THIS WORLD. By HAROLD BRUCE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.75.

Reviewed by FREDERICK E. PIERCE
Yale University

NOW that Mr. Damon's masterly work has recreated for us the mental world of Blake, we should like to see his physical world recreated also. Mr. Bruce's biography comes as a timely companion volume to Mr. Damon's exegesis. We cannot, however, put them on the same level. One is an epoch-making work, the other is a clever, breezy, attractive volume, but not epoch-making.

There is a great deal that can be said in favor of Mr. Bruce's biography. It has some valuable new material, and an excellent summing up of the evidence that Blake could not have been in a madhouse. It arranges old material with praiseworthy skill and interprets it with excellent common sense. It has a style which occasionally degenerates into jazz—to win the American public—but which usually keeps its literary dignity and is always lively and readable. The book is accurate and scholarly in its methods of dissipating old myths and confirming old truths, which is more than can be said of Blake's earlier biographies, for the facts of his life have been, if possible, even more inaccurately edited than the texts of his poems. He was "damned good to steal from" while living, and he proved profanely good to lie about when dead. All honor to Mr. Bruce for refusing to follow in the great tradition.

Moreover, we must remember that Mr. Bruce is attempting a very difficult task. Whether Blake was abnormal, anormal, or supernormal, he certainly had a strange and puzzling personality, which may keep, not only critics, but psychologists and philosophers, guessing for some time. If Shakespeare himself did not quite know what he meant by the complex character of Hamlet, and if three centuries of scholarship have served to confuse rather than enlighten his ghost on that point, we should be tolerant toward biographers of Blake who fail to pluck out the heart of his mystery. Besides, this obscure mystic lived, not in the broad glare of publicity, but in the fierce darkness that beats upon the throneless. Documentary evidence, as usual, is most scanty where it is needed most.

Yet, with full recognition of the difficulties involved, and with recognition of the very pleasing book that has been produced, we feel a little dissatisfied. There are some questions that are neatly settled, and others that may be beyond human power to settle, ever; but we do not feel that the author has tried quite hard enough to solve the unsolvable. We suspect that Carlyle might accuse him of being dilettante. Take, for example, the chapter entitled, "The Neurotic and the Stupid." It narrates in very entertaining manner the relations of Blake and Hayley. It states, on the authority of Sinclair Lewis, that there are just two races of men, the neurotic and the stupid, that Blake was neurotic and Hayley—wasn't. Very clever; and, if not taken too literally, very profoundly true. But, in the connection given, this discussion misses the point. The question that we all wish to have answered is, *Just what kind* of neuroticism was that of Blake? Was it that of Christopher Smart—lunacy, or that of Francis Thompson—childlike incapacity, or that of Milton and Goethe, in whom

> the wise
> Have a far deeper madness.

We may not be able to answer this question, we may not have a right to expect a final answer; but we object to being put off with a *bon mot* that obscures the issue.

As a whole, however, in spite of some limitations, this is the best life of Blake to date. Besides, the title is "William Blake in This World" and the author might say with some justice that we are criticizing him for not transcending his chosen field. The chronicle of external events is clear and vivid.

And what of the man Blake apart from his biographer? He said once: "I know that this world is a world of imagination and vision. . . . Some see Nature all ridicule and deformity. . . . But to the eyes of the man of imagination, Nature is Imagination itself." A contemporary said of him: "During the day he was a man of sagacity and sense, who handled his graver wisely, and conversed in a wholesome and pleasant manner; in the evening, when he had done his prescribed task, he gave a loose to his imagination." A comparison of these questions with the closing lines of Tennyson's "Holy Grail' shows Blake less near to madness than to the Arthurian ideal:

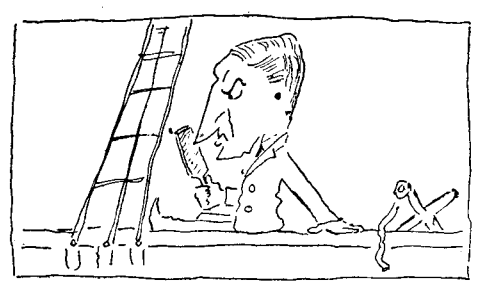
> "The King must guard
> That which he rules, and is but as the kind
> To whom a space of land is given to plow,
> Who may not wander from the allotted field
> Before his work be done, but, being done,
> Let visions of the night or of the day
> Come as they will; and many a time they come,
> Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
> This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
> This air that smites his forehead is not air
> But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—
> In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,
> Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
> Who rose again. Ye have seen what ye have seen."
> So spoke the King; *I knew not all he meant.*

Ordeal

(With apologies to Dale Collins)

Illustrations by CLARENCE DAY, JR.

TED the cook stood in the darkness abaft the pinnacle, sharpening his nose with a pocket whet-stone. It curved down across his bitter lips to his blue chin, like a scimitar. Years of attrition had given it a razor-edge, a terrible weapon, dangerous even to himself. Turning his head suddenly one day, it had sliced off his left ear.



Sharpening his nose with a whetstone.

He was part Armenian and this was but another atrocity added to the many inflicted upon his race. He nursed his hate for his employers, biding his time the while.

Amidships, Thorpe, the owner, and his guests sat at bridge. Suddenly, out of the darkness, the menacing visage of Ted the cook was thrust into the circle of light, like the head of a terrible one-eared turtle. His eyes blazed, his frightful nose flashed, he gnashed his cruel teeth.

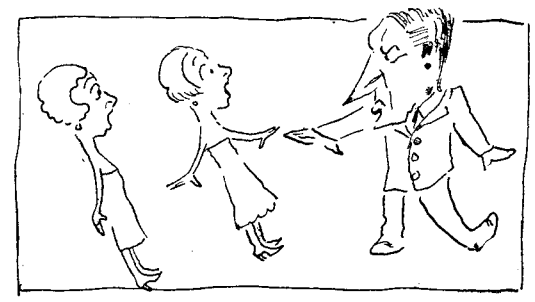
"Swine!" he hissed. "That's wot ye are. You, Thorpe, and you, Howard an' yer women too—all of ye. Sittin' there playin' bridge an' thinkin' ye're romatic as hell to be sailin' this here rotten old yacht 'crost the Pacific, while I'm sweatin' away over the stove. I heard ye growlin' about the soup an' sayin' the bread was heavy. Now, not another word like that from any of ye. My cookin's good enough for swine like you."

One look at the Damoclean nose was enough. Thorpe, the eminent scientist blinked and licked his lips, dry with fear. Howard, young, vigorous, athletic, almost rose to his feet but at the restraining touch of the finger of Dorothy Delane, his fiancée, he sank back much relieved. Mrs. Thorpe flashed upon Ted her deep pools of eyes.

"Ted, dear Ted, you don't mean—"

"Yes, I mean you, Violer" broke in Ted with scorn "And yer friend Dotty, too. Ye're a pair of ——— ——— ———. That's wot ye are. An' s'elp me you'll know me 'fore this voyage's over. You'll do wot I tell ye, wotever it is. Ye'll all wish ye were in hell, if ye don't. Another word from any of ye *and I'll leave.*"

He swept the group with a blinding glare and strolled away. The terror of his threat held them spellbound. In mid-Pacific, where could they get another cook?



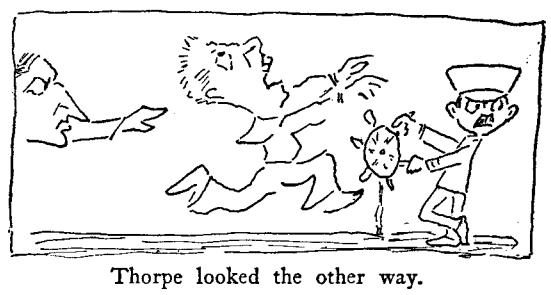
"Ye're a pair — — —. That's wot ye are."

"Really, my dear," said Thorpe, at length, "Ted is getting a little out of hand. Perilously near impertinence that was." He coughed uneasily. Mrs. Thorpe sat sunk in abject misery. Only old Lady Delane was unperturbed. Totally deaf, she had heard nothing.

II

The Trades had died. For weeks they lay becalmed beneath a copper sky. Day and night, it thundered, dry, crackling, crashing thunder without lightning, without rain, without precedent. The tension on their nerves was maddening. Ted suffered with the rest. He was frequently irritable.

Emerging from his galley he ran afoul of Peterson, a gaint seaman, who fled gasping in terror. Ted hurled after him a brutal imprecation. It struck the fleeing man between the shoulder-blades. His head snapped back and his spine cracked. He fell, clutching at the deck in his death-agony. Thorpe, at the wheel, looked the other way.



Thorpe looked the other way.

Ted entered the galley and collided with Reid, the mate. In a moment they were locked in a death-struggle. Supple as a snake, Ted twisted in the mate's embrace. His head emerged from the mêleé, hung poised a moment with dreadful menace, and then—one thrust! All was over. The supple Damascus nose had done its deadly work.

He dragged both bodies to the rail. Two splashes and they were gone. Thorpe turned his eyes to the overarching sky. "Looks like rain", he said.

And, at that moment, it came. A wall of wind, a wall of water welded into a monster, irresistible, ravenous, it sprang upon the Spray. Ropes snapped, sails burst, explosions ripped the air, both masts cracked, blew away, with all the rigging and all the crew, except Ted the cook. It ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The Spray lay becalmed, a drifting hulk upon a glassy sea beneath a copper sky.

III

"Here, now! Line up, everybody! Aft, ye swine! You, Thorpe an' Howard, an' you, Violer an' Dotty. Off the quarter-deck, allo' ye. Understand me now. I'm boss of this ship."

The cruel voice of Ted the cook rang in the ears of the little party still dazed by the extraordinary meteorological disturbance they had just witnessed. They gazed at him with a wild surmise. Why should they obey this servant? But, as they gazed, terror smote them. What if he should make good his threat? What if the cook should leave them in mid-ocean? They trooped aft. Ted was their master.

For two weeks the sun blazed day and night, a fireball in a copper sky. Thorpe and Howard at the pumps in daily shifts of twenty-four hours wore their hands to ribbons. Viola was in the galley washing the dishes. Dorothy was dusting the cabin, where old Lady Daley sat knitting. Her deafness had prevented her from hearing Ted's curt commands and they had been too busy to explain what was going on.

Ted walked the quarter-deck dressed in Thorpe's clothes, spick and span, a yatchsman from head to foot. He spent little time in the galley, except to prepare the meals.

Suddenly the pumps sucked! The well was dry!

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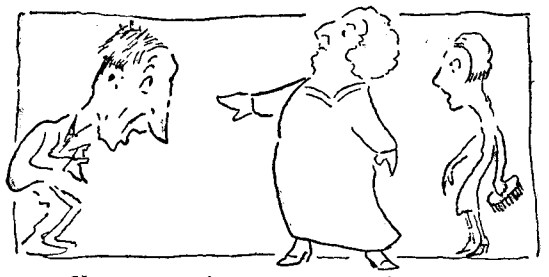
Death from thirst stared them in the face! This awful fear displaced the other. They gathered amidships.

"What shall we do?" sobbed Thorpe.

"Let's kill the cook!" cried Howard hysterically. "We'll each take a capstan-bar. Four good cracks and he'll never leave us."

Ted stood on the bridge, his back to them. Nerved to the deed, cautiously they crept upon him. Their



"You are discharged. Leave the ship at once."

oaken cudgels were upraised, poised, about to descend upon him, when—he turned and faced them. With one swift movement, he unsheathed his nose. The rays of the sun glittered on its polished surface. They had forgotten that. Nerved, as they were, to outface the cook, they could not withstand the flashing nose Excalibur. They stood paralyzed with terror.

"Ah!" he sneered. "Ye would, would ye? Overboard with them sticks!" The oaken bars struck the water and sank from sight. "Now, just for that, we'll have a little discipline. Thorpe, you'll holystone the deck with this here nail-polisher. Howard, you'll sand-paper the anchor. Violer, you'll embroider my monogram on all the spare sails. And Dotty, *you'll clean my boots.*"

Forgetting their own misery, the three others stared aghast at the aristocractic British blonde, scion of nobility—she to clean the boots of this scum of the sea! She drew a shuddering breath. There flashed across her inward vision the picture of her father, Sir Dennis Daley, the first of his line, the Bakery King, knighted by his sovereign. His proud motto and trade-mark, "Give us this day, our Daley Bread" rang in her ears. She, the only daughter of this haughty nobleman was come to this!

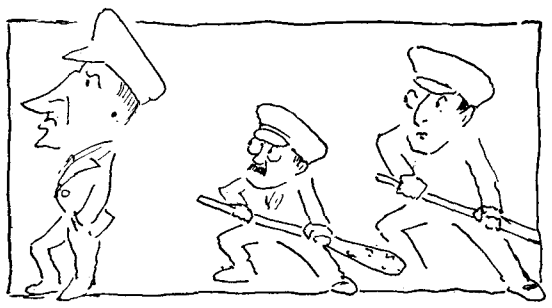
At that moment, Lady Daley emerged from the cabin and looked about her. "Where are all the masts and everything?" she asked. "I wish you would tell me what's going on. Here you've been for two weeks busy all the time doing these curiuos things—but, why?"

The flickering fingers of her daughter gave her a brief account of their difficulties. "Oh, ho!" she said, as she stepped forward and confronted Ted the terror.

"Cook!" At the word, his dominance crumbled. At the word, he was a servant, born to obey as this terrible old aristocrat was born to command. Every trace of arrogance faded from his features. His nose dimmed and dulled into flabby insignificance.

"Yes, m'lady." He cringed before her.

"You are discharged. Leave the ship at once."



Cautiously they crept upon him.

Instinctively, automatically, he obeyed. With a single scream of terror, he hurdled the rail backwards. As he struck the water, a great grey shape flashed. The shark was upon him. One gulp and he was gone.

"Sail, ho!" observed Lady Daley quitely, pointing to a great liner, three pints and a quart off the weather bow, and resumed her knitting.

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

* * *

The two parts of the Britwell Court library sold at Sotheby's in London this season brought $260,690, of which Dr. Rosenbach's purchases amounted to $223,650, or nearly 90 per cent in value. All of the important lots in these two parts will come to America.

The Bowling Green

Small Adventures

ANGUS and I met blithe and betimes at the Pennsylvania Station, where he emerged from the Montreal sleeper. Angus is a Scot; he has spent two years foresting in Quebec; but this was his first visit to New York. I had pondered on the best way of giving him a lively first impression. The thing to do, I felt, was to keep him under cover until we got down-town.

He hadn't breakfasted yet, so we went into the station dining-room. The first thing we saw on the menu was *Scrambled Eggs, Poor Man Style.* (70 cents, I think it was, but maybe only 60.) "Well, Colonel," I said to the cheerful head-waiter who showed us to a table, "this is nice weather." (It was; it was one of those Monday mornings in April.) "Yes, sir," he assented; "how are *you,* sir?" "What about these scrambled eggs, Poor Man Style?" I continued. "What is there about them that exerts its appeal to the poor and humble?" He didn't seem certain, but referred us to the amiable darky who was now ready to take the order. "The grapefruit's very nice this morning," said the latter. We ordered grape-fruit and coffee and the eleemosynary eggs; the waiter said he feared the corn pone was gone by now, but there were bran muffins and hot biscuit. Angus seemed a little surprised at the cheerful chatty tone of our reception. "All these raccoons, as you call them, seem to be old friends of yours." It was a pity to admit that I had never seen them before.

Angus was charmingly docile. Under my instruction he even refrained from peeping out of the Arcade to see what New York looked like. I kept him carefully intramural: we got into the subway and debarked in the cellar of the Hudson Terminal. The lively bustle of this resort pleased him; but I steered him warily up a certain stairway, into Dey Street. This, as I showed him, is my private back-entrance into the Prune Exchange Bank. But a carpenter was doing something to that back-door. "I hope that doesn't mean your account is overdrawn," Angus said. I wondered how Angus could have such insight into my affairs. Keeping him under the lee of the building I got him to the corner: the N. W. corner of Dey and Church Streets if we must be exact. Then I let him speir round it.

You know what you see, looking upward on a clear April morning, from the N. W. corner of Dey and Church Streets. I left him there, studying the pale spire of Woolworth, while I went into the Prune Exchange Bank. As I stood making out (yes) a deposit slip, I could see him standing just outside in the sunshine. His face was calm but very pleased. It was his first glimpse of New York.

* * *

I wish I could climb into this envelope and pull the flap down after me, begins the letter. *That is how much I want to talk to you personally about* ——. It is a multigraphed letter, inviting me to subscribe to a magazine.

* * *

One afternoon, in a room on 49th Street—the way I remember it's 49th is that it's the number that seven times seven *is*: I believed for a long time that 7 x 7 was 47—a poet went to call on another poet. They discussed their private excitements and agitations. Poet A (the host) told Poet B (the guest) that henceforward he was going to be a really educated man: he had bought himself a dictionary. He pointed to it, proudly: a gigantic volume of Webster's Unabridged. "I never have had any Reference Library," he said wistfully: "a Bible and a little vest-pocket dictionary was all I ever had." Poet B hoped privately that the Reference Library wouldn't do any damage to the spontaneity of A's Genius, as A has done some of the most genuinely masculine work of our time. But they were both a bit restless and talked of this and that in a disjointed way. Finally, just as B was making a nervous movement toward his briefcase, A said: "That play I'm working on, I've got the first act in pretty good shape, would it bore you if I read it to you?" B expressed his delight. It was genuine delight, too, for it was a glorious First Act. But as B went away later, he was thinking of the MS of his almost finished novel which had been in his brief-case. He had gone there half intending to read some of it to A.

* * *

The thoughtful Scot of whom I spoke above is a purist in logic; so I am glad he did not see the sign at the East New York station of the Long Island Railroad. Perhaps it is the most comprehensive of advertisements; it says: BROADWAY MAID ICE CREAM, *Better Than The Best.* But I did show him another of my treasures, the marble letter-box in a side-corridor of the Telephone and Telegraph Building. It is the most beautiful letter-box in New York, and I always resort to it to mail anything that needs to be dispatched under special omens. There should be a secret society of users of that box, for I am sure there is some pleasant magic about it. As there is, indeed, about that whole building. Gazing round the spacious pillared lobby on the Broadway side, the visitor remarked upon the extraordinary cleanliness of everything. I was using this building to illustrate my point that in America men have developed a new religion, in honor of the only gods they really take seriously: the gods of the multiplication table. These great commercial edifices have all the hushed solemnity of ancient temples. "How do they keep it so clean?" Angus asked, pointing to the marble floor. I said that undoubtedly, hiding somewhere behind one of those great pillars, was some sort of verger who would promptly appear if anyone discarded any rubbish. It was tempting the gods, but to test the matter I threw my cigarette stub on the floor, and we stood off in a corner to watch. Within two minutes (you'll hardly believe this, but it's true) a servitor in neat brown dungarees came quietly from some marble nook and swept up the offending butt with a pan and brush.

* * *

Going up Fifth Avenue, in front of Altman's, was a little man so oddly shaped and garmented that no one could resist pleasing the eye with a second glance. He was very short and plump, with a tawny complexion and a short bristling black beard. He was expensively surtouted in a fawn colored overcoat tightly belted in at the girth, its skirts flared up widely over ballooning trousers strapped at the ankles and white spats. His soft hat was curled and fluted in a fantastic Tyrolean shape and perched risibly on top of his large head. In one hand was a cane with an ivory knob, in the other a little brown leather bag about the shape of a thermos bottle. The irresistible impression was of some South American dictator who had fled with his country's finances. He plodded serenely along with a broad grin on his face, talking aloud to himself.

At the corner of 35th Street he paused, held up by crosswise traffic. In a moment he was surrounded by gapers. Some youths of the office-boy or errand-boy type began to jeer. The little eccentric did not seem annoyed. He laughed aloud, waggled his head with pleasure, and said in excellent English "I'm the man that saved this country." Louder jeers (they could not have scoffed more fiercely if he really had been). He seemed a trifle disconcerted, and then turned off eastward on 35th Street, where the pavement was almost empty. He walked in a sort of purposeful random, as though he felt he would have an equally amusing time wherever he went. I watched him from afar, for there was something unbelievably comic in his important bearing. Napoleon returning from Elba could not have shown more gusto. At the Madison Avenue corner he paused, looked round to see if he was being pursued. He wasn't. Quickly he hailed a passing taxi and climbed in. I have no theory to account for him, but not Shelley himself could have given a more convincing reminder of the unspoiled oddity of life. And that very same day I saw Hugh Ferriss's drawing of "The New York of the Future," which made me sigh for a really cubist cathedral to express the glamour of this town; and a placard in the subway that said —— *Shaving Cream by the Dermutation Process Softens Every Bristly Hair.* Which reminds me to ask you, have you read Leonard Bacon's "Ph. D's"? Like Virginia Woolf's "Monday or Tuesday" it is one of those little books that are too likely to be missed. Bacon is one of the few "literary" men writing in this country who seem to me to have some notion of what education means.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

The Ancestry of Coal

COAL AND CIVILIZATION. By E. C. JEFFREY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES R. WALKER

THE lay reader will receive the same disappointment from this book that the normal man experiences when he goes to a movie with the normal expectation of dramatic adventure and is treated to The Life of an Earth Worm in three reels. "Coal and Civilization:" there is a philosophic breadth in the title. Such a book might contain a record of the transforming influence of coal in the long history of man, a record of the struggles, diplomatic and military, for the possession of coal areas, the influence of coal on the life, art, and economics of modern civilization, with speculations perhaps on a coal-less age. Professor Jeffrey's book contains all these matters, be it said, but only in a dehydrated form and in hurried outline. Fifteen short pages in stiff Darwinian English cover the history of all the ages before coal, and the supreme importance of the metal in the modern world. There are a few paragraphs of remark and speculation about the earth's stock of oil rock and coal deposits at the end of the book. But the author really opens his heart with a chapter entitled, "The History of a Lake." From then on for a hundred and fifty pages we learn in vivid detail—albeit in text-book English—the fascinating and incredible story of the preservation of æon-old leaves, twigs, trunks of trees, plants, and animals by pressure and heat into the coal seams of today. To note one detail, there is the story of the mysterious hoarding of "spores" which are the reproductive parts of lower animals. Imbedded in the oil rocks of today, they are the source of our petroleum and natural gas!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

This book is very like one of Professor Jeffrey's own samples of bituminous coal, the outer shell of which is a hard mineral matrix, covering in the center a segment of charred wood quite beautifully preserved. Into the pages that deal with the structure and origin of all manner of coals and near coals, Professor Jeffrey—whose subject at Harvard is Plant Morphology—throws the enthusiasm and the knowledge of twenty years' research. Here is the segment of charred wood with all its structures in clear and delicate outline; surrounded unfortunately by a dry, hard matrix of sociology and journalism. For Professor Jeffrey is like the man who knows all about the raising of lettuce, but is asked by the Grange to talk on Farming and Public Morals.

It is not that the chapters on "Coal and Civilization," "The Coal Age and Other Ages," do not contain true and striking material, but the data is plucked from government reports and manuals, and Professor Jeffrey is not a journalist. His material after all is not new, and this popularization of it dull and glamourless.

Professor Jeffrey's failure to write adequately upon his large subject is in many ways much to his honor. Geologists and engineers, sociologists, statesmen would be needed to do it fully, and to do it briefly as Professor Jeffrey has attempted would have taken a derivative sort of mind, a journalist, a Wellsian. Professor Jeffrey being none of these persons has put into a valuable book the record of his original research in the structure and development of coal. But it is quite certain he has made a bad marriage between this primary data—the outgrowth of his work as a morphologist—and his observations on the Coal Age *et al*, which, however, true and significant, are popular science thickly and stodgily written, and a baser metal than the other.

Variant Loyalties

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE UNION. By WILLIAM MCDOUGALL. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1925. $2.50.

NATIONALISM and internationalism are not incompatible. On the contrary, a vigorous and self-conscious nationalism is one of the essentials for effective participation in international affairs, and an international outlook is one of the necessary safeguards for a continuing nationalism in modern days.

This is the outstanding message of Professor McDougall's new book, and a most timely and important message it is. There is a pronounced tendency in many quarters to deny the possibility of loyalty on two different diameters, and to use the term "internationalist" as a brand of anti-patriotism in much the same way that "pacifist," "Bolshevist," and "radical" are commonly used. Yet within the national group no one conceives any such antithesis. An intense family feeling and devotion to one's wife and children is not regarded as a hindrance to active interest in the affairs of one's municipality. Because one is profoundly loyal to his state he is not therefore regarded as incapable of disinterested service to his city, and a marked allegiance to the nation is not regarded as an indication of treachery to the state.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The difference in attitude in the cases just cited is perhaps due to the fact that these various extensions of loyalty all have reference to definite governmental organizations already formally recognized. There is as yet no international governmental agency officially recognized by the United States or generally approved by its people. But in every case, before the scope of government can be widened, at least in anything like a democratic fashion, there must be a pre-existing loyalty to the larger group on the part of a number of individuals. Before there can be any effective organization of the relations between nations there must exist among millions of people an energetic devotion to mankind as a whole. Such a devotion is not inconsistent with the deepest loyalty to one's own nation, and may in fact spring primarily from just that loyalty.

"The Indestructible Union" studies the growth and character of the United States as a nation, always with recognition of its place in the world of nations. The factors which have contributed to its unity are carefully reviewed and analyzed, and the forces which from time to time have threatened its disruption are revealed in their true character. On the whole, the American nation is portrayed as firmly established, and in little present danger of serious disintegration.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The portion of the book which arouses most questions is the author's insistent denial of the possibility of an effective form of government based on the recognition of interests. Over and over he insists that orderly government cannot be built up out of conflicting interests. This is perfectly true. But on the other hand the principal function of government is to secure an orderly harmonization of conflicting interests for the sake of greater common interests. As long as conflicting interests exist, and as long as men irresistibly use government to promote their respective interests, it is at least an open question whether as sound a form of government would not result from frankly recognizing all important interests and giving each its due representation as under the present system wherein representation is geographical and the interests which are not geographical seek to attain their ends through unofficial paid lobbies and various other subterranean means.

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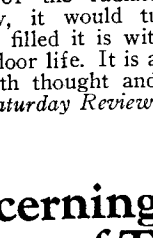

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German Literature of To-Day

By Frank Thiess

GERMAN literature has entered on a new phase. A few years ago expressionism took the foremost place. Screams of ecstasy, stammers of enthusiasm, of revolt ruled the day. In other words—hysterics. Young Germany was expressionistic Germany. Kasimir Edscheid, with his most explosive novels and stories, over which there ought to have been a sign of "danger ahead," was a leader of this troop. In lyrics, Johannes Becher, Gottfried Benn, Rudolf Leonhard and whatever their names may be, raved ceaselessly of "murder" and "fire" without anyone being murdered or a fire being seen. Hasenclever, of whom, strange to say, no one speaks today, wrote in this same style. Georg Kaiser, Alfred Brust both followed the same example. Dramas, which no one understood. Sentences, themes scarcely existed; there was nothing but a conglomeration of visions, scraps of words, bits of lisping sentences and sudden sensations, which were shot into a perplexed public like pistols. Fortunately no one was injured by them. In short, it was most evident that Germany had gone through a great war, and a small revolution. The waves of the political torrent had ebbed, but in the once peaceful haven of Art they were most evident as breakers.

The ambition of the expressionists was to proclaim the form of Art of the future. Workingmen were sent to theatres where expressionist pieces were played. Of course they did not understand them, no one did, and they might just as well have been sent to hear the speech of a Chinese Manderin. The few young men of literature who stood apart and went their own way, had a difficult position, as the literary cliques ignored them, and the broad masses chose their old favorites and remained true to Fulda, Sudermann, Herzog, and Richard Voss, as before. Beside these, in the midst of a large circle of worshippers, sat the gods of the period before the war,—Gerhard Hauptmann and Thomas Mann. Taking no notice of the disgust of Young Germany, they wrote in their old style, Thomas Mann, clever essays, and Gerhard Hauptmann allegorical dramas and artificially extravagant novels, which do not do his imagination much honor. He is more deeply admired for the works he wrote before the war than for anything he has had to say since.

As a kind of "Monument of Culture of the German Republic" (he was always known as an opponent of monarchy), Mann enjoys in general a cool esteem. A certain clique even tried to get him in as a candidate for the presidential election. No author has such a clear and crystalline manner of expression as Thomas Mann, but this form is a bit outlived. In these times it is not enough to know how things and people develop; one wants to know why they look just that way and no other—in fact, one wants to read of fate, and not mere events. The only German dramatists who wrote this way during the epoch of the expressionists were Georg Kaiser and Rolf Lauchner, Georg Kaiser with lack of feeling or heart, with sharp intellect, dialectical, exaggerated in speech but gifted, and under all circumstances, with a most striking technique.

Rolf Lauchner, the step-son of Sudermann, toned down, with depth of thought, but without loud effects, with a wonderful manner of subduing his thought—a manner we have not as yet known in Germany. No wonder that there was no place for him on the stage during these times of exaggeration. As early as 1917 he received the Schiller prize, but he has now taken his place as one of the most noted dramatists since his new works—"Wahnschaffe," "Reise gegen Gott," "Schrei aus der Strasse," "Die Entkleidung des Antonio Casassa,"—have become known. One cannot say that he developed from expressionism, but I think that what the expressionists wanted to say is best shown in his works. He has never changed the tone of his dialogue, never used the futurist manner, whereas Georg Kaiser, in his last dramas, "David and Goliath," "Kolportage," "Jeanne und Jeanette," has entirely changed his style—and the characters now converse in a more natural manner. Lauchner has deepened and refined his manner of writing, but always remained the same. Karl Sternheim, of whom much was made before the war, especially as he was noted as the satirist of the middle classes, has not lived up to the hopes he had inspired. He has fallen from his place of renown in a most surprising manner, as have also the novelists Heinrich Mann and Gustav Meyrink. Now and then their dramas are seen on the stage, but one seldom speaks of them. Gustav Meyrink has had "but a small following since his last books appeared, written in an almost impenetrable, mystic style.

No novel has appeared from Heinrich Mann for a long time and his dramas have had but little success. There was a time when he was noted as the father of a new form in Germany, and during the revolution he was glorified as the "German Zola." The more the influence is felt here, of the Norwegian Knut Hamsun (and as that of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky grows) the less influence Heinrich Mann has, with his grotesque manner and his satire. In fact one can separate the young novelists of Germany into two classes, those who follow Hamsun's manner, and those who at least endeavor to learn from the French Anatole France, Stendhal, Flaubert, and others. In this last group, Otto Flake—the leader of the so-called "western style"—takes a leading place. He has appeared with a number of noted philosophical novels, which are extremely dry and contain on almost every page a warning from this clever pedagogue.

The most interesting poetical novel of these last years, it seems to me, is the "Gewalten eines Toren" in two volumes, by Otto Wirz; a symphony of tender sensibility, of strong effect, and most demoniacal imagination. One almost feels as though one had entered a sanctuary when one reads this book, a thing that seldom happens except in reading the great epics. Wirz worked on this book, his first work, twelve years. It is sometimes uncouth in its proportions and often strange in expression, but it is most certainly a book of the future in the sphere of great art.

Although I do not wish to appear assuming, I shall mention my own last works, "Die Verdammten," "Der Leibhoftige," and a book of tales "Der Kampf mit dem Engel." It would perhaps be a little too modest to ignore them entirely, as the papers of all the big cities have written long articles about them and a number of countries have written asking about translations. My idea, which is also held by Wirz, is that the old religious culture has been loosened and shaken in its foundations by the mechanical, monastic, and unreligious manner of modern thought and that this fact is more evident each day. Axel Lübke seems imbued with this same feeling in his passionate work "Gottes Geheimnis über meiner Hütte"—and in this connection we can mention Paul Bussons's "Feuerbutze" at a respectful distance.

Since Brech's impressive "Trommeln in der Nacht" was seen on the stage, nothing has appeared of his of interest, and in the same way, Brust and Bronnin have fallen short. They try to compensate for lack of poetical inspiration by being exotic. Jack London is being greatly read, and his influence is noticeable, as well as that of Hamsun's. But the manner in which authors of dramas write is anything but original. Unfortunately one must honestly say that all of this racket about nothing is more or less a sign of lack of productiveness. This lack of productive strength and temperament is the most noticeable factor of the literature of the younger generation.

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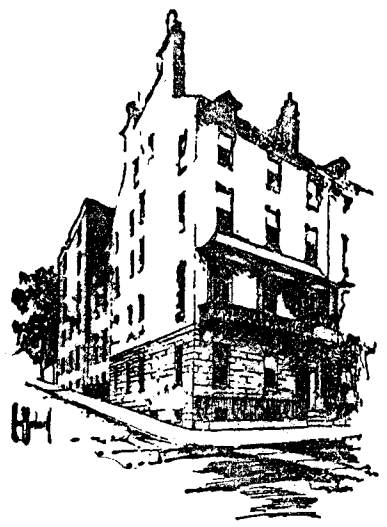

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Points of View

Future Tories

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

What do you expect the feelings of a respectable Middle Western gentleman to be—a man no longer young and quietly confident that in reading the *Saturday Review* both his friend Babbitt and himself are entirely safe—when he discovers that bold and bolshevistic apostrophe to the Red Flag in a recent issue? I can see the grim and sardonic smile on your face, Mr. Editor, when you sent that piece of burning rhetoric to the printer. You must have realized the danger of your *Review* never seeing another Saturday. For would not every reader who has attained the age of thirty-five cancel his subscription?

However, I hasten to assure you that in this vicinity at least no such calamity impends. At the Club the *Review*, unmutilated, still lies upon the library table, although our members are especially sensitive to all traces of red, because of the pain which a local prevalence of pink at election times has caused to our eyes. I admit that some of us were scared at first; but all apprehensions were dispelled by the Literary Oracle. You must know that Babbitt and I swear by what he says on matters of literature and art, while all the other members swear by us.

This is what L. O. told us with such happy effect:

The young lady who wrote the Burning Apostrophe is not a Bolshevist and will never rob a bank nor treat the cashier to poison gas. She is simply a youthful Romantic and will become, some day, either a Pillar of Society, or a Great Writer. She is eminently safe and sane, for it is part of the sanity of youth to be utterly disgusted with things as they are. This is largely due to the fact that when we start out we do not know how things are. To find it out will take most of life, and only at the end shall we cease to be disgusted with things we don't know anything about. "*Omne ignotum pro abhorrendo*". (That's hog Latin for "What I don't know is not worth knowing").

Yet we can not live without respecting something. Therefore we must create for ourselves something to respect, and the less the creature of our mind resembles anything we have ever seen or heard, the surer we are that our reverence has found its eternal object. Thus a young lady who would literally shudder at killing the proverbial fly feels her heart beating in ecstatic emotion before the symbol of the most bloody, senseless, and ignoble revolution in history. That's absurd, but the hope of the world lies in that direction. For it means that our young men and women prefer the world as it ought to be to the world as it is. Where's the harm, if for a while they are greatly mistaken as to what it ought to be?

This hunger for an ideal is the essence of Romanticism; and thanks be to the gods because some of our young folks are, in all innocence, writing apostrophes to the Red Flag. They will be all the stouter tories at fifty, and the world will be safe.

Milwaukee, Wis. ERNEST BRUNCKEN.

John Trumbull

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

If any of the readers of *The Saturday Review* can make suggestions with regard to materials, especially manuscripts, concerning the life and works of John Trumbull, the American poet, I shall appreciate their assistance in a study of Trumbull which I am preparing as a Yale University doctoral dissertation. My ultimate purpose is to write a definitive biography of Trumbull. *The Saturday Review* would confer a great favor by publishing this letter.

ALEXANDER COWIE.
200 College Street,
Middletown, Connecticut.

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I sell books, sell enough to buzz around in a ten hundred dollar car and have pie twice a day; sell books because I like and love books, the publishers to the contrary notwithstanding. Books nowadays, mostly, aren't written and published to love; they're published to sell.

That being so, why don't publishers print the price of each book on the out or inside of the blurbed jacket? Some publishers do, but a host don't. Result: shipments came in by express today. Two got here ahead of the invoices. I looked in the last Publishers' Trade List. Found some of the older ones, but most of them have been issued since that book was printed. Hunted through the current book review publications; found two of the books that way. Rest are piled on the seat that customers should be sitting on waiting for invoices. What does a publisher gain by not printing the price on the jackets? Better still, if all the publishers would print the prices of their books in the same place on the jackets, then all the bookselling clerks, and perhaps some of the proprieters, would learn and know where to look. Now they're on the middle of the back at the bottom of the back, on the front, top right hand corner inside, bottom right hand corner, and in the middle. When written in, they may be anywhere, depending upon the idiosyncrasy of each bookseller. Are publishers ashamed of the prices they're charging for books? I'll bet they aren't. And I'll also wager a quarter section of apple that not one publisher can give a logical reason for not printing the price on the jacket.

Or am I the only bookseller in these placid States who's sane on the subject?

INCOGNITO.

Mr. Beer on James

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Heaven preserve great writers from most critics and from critics of their critics. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks writes a book about Henry James, the Pilgrim, and Mr. Thomas Beer takes the occasion of its appearance to lament the fact that according to Conrad "across a shoulder to Alfred Knopf" Crane "was beyond his (Henry James's) limitation." Mr. Beer also finds it trying that James, as a young man, was shocked on being asked to dine by de Maupassant to find his host at the appointed hour in bed with a lady. What of it, we ask in some irritation? And why a lengthy discussion of "The Author of Beltraffio," one of the least successful works, to show up the author's "inherent weaknesses" and not a word of "The Golden Bowl," or "The Wings of the Dove," or the cleverest of them all in one sense, "The Awkward Age." Even the almost perfect "The Portrait of a Lady" is used to illustrate a presumed inadequacy in Isabel Archer's distracted plea to Goodwood—"as you love me, as you pity me, leave me alone!" A cry which to our uncritical ears is anything but inadequate or out of character. In fact, to be dogmatic ourselves, it is *just* right and James knew much better what he was about than Mr. Beer does.

By Mr. Beer's method (and he is only typical) Shakespeare would be judged by "Timon of Athens"; Milton by his political pamphlets (if I remember rightly another critic, Mr. Ernest Boyd used somewhat the same method with Milton in a recent magazine article); Balzac by "Les Chouans"; and Mark Twain by "Tom Sawyer, Detective." Fie on such idiocy! The only thing about James worth remembering is that he wrote half a dozen novels which for civilized humor, for knowledge of complex character, for analysis of a leisured world have few, if any, equals, and all of them shot through with the only permanent beauty, the beauty of character. The development of cross-suspicions in "The Golden Bowl," the Venetian palace scenes in "The Wings of the Dove," and the utter inviolability of the point of view of "In the Cage" are high lights of modern fiction, and we venture to predict, that when Stephen Crane and Joseph Conrad, fine as they may be, are mere names, James will have taken his place for good and all among the few great novelists of the English world. The creator of Milly, the Prince, Maisie, Ralph, and a host of others need not worry that critics are annoyed that he preferred England to America, even though—"damn him," say the critics,—he did not find it entirely satisfying. But it is a crying shame that endless discussion of irrelevancies should tend to obscure the light of a writer, who, in his chosen field, has yet to meet his equal.

THOMAS R. COWARD.
New York City.

Always Fertile

The Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Your recent editorial pointing out the fact that New England is still producing writers who take rank with the best from other sections recalls some additional evidence of the same fact that I recently collected for a class in American literature. An examination of the latest edition of Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry" shows that New England has contributed much more than its quota to contemporary poetry. Four of the ninety-eight poets included in Untermeyer's anthology were not born in America. Of the remaining ninety-four no less than seventeen were born in New England; twenty others were educated in New England schools—thirteen at Harvard alone. Among those born in New England are: Emily Dickinson, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edward Rowland Sill, George Edward Woodberry, Bert Leston Taylor, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Amy Lowell, Anna Hempstead Branch, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. The list of those educated in New England includes: Bliss Carman, William Vaughn Moody, Robert Frost, Witter Bynner, John Gould Fletcher, the Benét brothers, John Hall Wheelock, Alan Seeger, T. S. Eliot, and Conrad Aiken.

The thirty young Americans who wrote "Civilization in the United States" certainly have no great love for New England; and yet from the "Who's Who" in the back of the book we learn that New England had its part in the making of this indictment of contemporary civilization. Of the thirty authors five were born abroad and one (a physician) is anonymous. Five of the remaining twenty-four, including the editor, were born in New England. Exactly twelve of the twenty-four attended New England colleges or universities—ten of them went to Harvard.

Perhaps I should add that I am not a New Englander.

JAY B. HUBBELL.
Dallas, Texas.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

A HISTORY OF SCULPTURE. By GEORGE H. CHASE AND CHANDLER R. POST. Harper's. 1924. $4.

Nothing could be more difficult than to compress the whole history of sculpture, from palœolithic times to Archipenko, into five hundred and fifty pages. That it can be done successfully is proved by the new "History of Sculpture" written by Professors Chase and Post. The discriminating condensation of the material makes it an admirable text-book, interesting to read and clarifying to follow. The reader or student is kept clearly in the main current of historical development and is carried surely from one important period to another and from one significant sculptor to the next. This clarity is due not only to the commentary on the sculpture but also to the introductory sections at the beginning of each chapter. These sections deal with physical environment, political history, the development of ideas, and, in the second half of the book, with a general characterization of the period treated in the chapter.

It is this careful orientation of the sculpture, this sympathetic presentation of the monuments as the product of a distinct civilization and epoch, which differentiates a history of art from a handbook. A mere chronological presentation, which differs from a reference book only in its form and completeness, is a travesty on the vital significance of art. The art of a period is only one manifestation of its activity, and properly to understand the monuments the reader must know the conditions, political, social and intellectual, which produce it. Here this connection has been admirably brought out at the beginning of each chapter and reiterated in the body of the text where particular statues are cited by way of illustration.

Should anyone wish to pursue the subject beyond the condensed treatment necessitated by the size of the book and to embark upon a more serious study of the history of sculpture, each chapter offers the necessary material in the form of a critical bibliography.

Belles Lettres

THE EIGHT FORTY-FIVE. By ROBERT M. GAY. Atlantic Monthly Press. 1925. $1.25.

In spite of the immediate connotation of the title, this is a diary, or the salvaged part of one, of John Skinner, *rusticus*, more than J.S., commuter. It appeared first in the pages of *The House Beautiful*. People who live in the country the year round, now relish Baltimore heaters, who like gardens, who shake furnaces, who fillip seeds in the spring, and sift ashes in the winter; who keep chickens, who care for pottering, or acquiring antiques, who live in a rented house and hope to build; any of these will enjoy "The Eight Forty-Five." Said Virgil: *Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes*. Mr. Gay makes a few additions in a shambling, unpretentious, rather amusing way. An agreeable trifle; around the year with him and his wife. Best read in April, or in May.

IS IT GOOD ENGLISH? By JOHN O'LONDON. Putnam. 1925.

John O'London's Weekly is a brisk, friendly little magazine that disappears from London bookstalls on the day of publication like a dewdrop from the lion's mane. It usually has one good story, a timely article or two, and the inevitable answers to correspondents. These last, however, are by no means perfunctory. Though John O'London is obviously no philologist, he has a shrewd wit, a mellow common sense, and a fine taste in humor, and now and then he throws out an epigram or a pleasant piece of fooling, worthy of a more distinguished setting. In "Is It Good English?" he has brought together some of the best of these dialogues with his readers. Here one meets again one's old friends—the split infinitive, you was, an historical, between each, under the circomstances—all touched by the editor's chatty personality and fashioned into a book that may be read (to use the author's phrase about grammar) without groans. Nor is good English his only theme. Some readers will be astonished to learn that "a mess of pottage" is not in the Authorized Version; others that Mother Shilton's prophecy was written and published in 1864; and all who have ever been children will be pleased to see afloat again the delicious

Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she-bear?

THE ARCHITECTURE OF HUMANISM. By *Geoffrey Scott*. Scribners. $3.

POETS OF AMERICA. By *Clement Wood*. Dutton. $3.50.

THE MUSE IN COUNCIL. By *John Drinkwater*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

JOHNSON THE ESSAYIST. Edited by *O. F. Christie*. Doran. $4 net.

Biography

SOME VICTORIAN MEN. By HARRY FURNISS. Dodd, Mead. 1924. $4.

The late Mr. Furniss, for many years chief political cartoonist of *Punch*, had a wide acquaintance among the great and famous of the Victorian era, and his reminiscences of some of the eminent Victorians whom he saw both in their hours of work and ease frequently reveals those reverend gentlemen at their most unbending. His volume is of the lightest, and must be regarded rather as a fillip to Victorian biography than as biography itself, but it is exceedingly entertaining, packed as it is with personal incident and characterization. Mr. Furniss steered clear of backstairs gossip, and his chronicle exposes no scandals, but it contains a succession of amusing stories about the great and near-great. Disraeli, Gladstone, Lord Morley, Dickens, Ruskin, Swinburne, Lewis Carroll, Sir Henry Irving, the elder Sothern, flit through its pages together with a host of their less famous contemporaries. The book is illustrated with cartoons and drawings from Mr. Ferriss's pen.

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ. By *George S. Hellman*. Knopf.

THE PORTRAIT OF ZELIDE. By *Geoffrey Scott*. Scribners. $3.75.

THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS. By *Bruce Barton*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

MERE MORTALS. By *C. MacLaurin*. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES. By *Mme. de la Fayette*. Translated by *H. Ashton*. (Broadway Translations). Dutton. $3.

MEMOIRS OF A NAPOLEONIC OFFICER, JEAN-BAPTISTE BARRES. Edited by *Maurice Barrès*. Translated by *Bernard Miall*. Dial Press. $4.

FROM A PITMAN'S NOOTBOOK. By *Roger Dataller*. Dial. $2.50.

THE LIFE OF SAN MARTIN. By *Anna Schoellkopf*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

Fiction

PAID IN FULL. By IAN HAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

This tale is built upon a slight structure and offers a variation of the Enoch Arden theme. Denis Cradock was an engaging scamp, a personable rogue whose philosophy it was to live by his wits. He was capable of any form of deception, fraud, or cheating, only slightly relieved by generosity and an aversion to physical cruelty, willing to descend to the ultimate baseness of betraying women and leading his son astray. When he deserted his wife, Mildred, after a maritime disaster, she built up in her childrens' minds a "Legend" of a father who died heroically endeavoring to save others in order to erect a noble ideal for them to emulate.

When Denis returned to saddle himself upon Mildred, his son and daughters were past childhood's stage. There is a play of plot and counterplot, in which discerning Uncle Tony plays a part. It would be unfair to reveal how the innocent sweetness and charm of his daughter Molly, whom Denis had never seen, brings into action that speck of virtue that everyone possesses, and how by final renunciation and fatal bravery, Denis makes true the "Legend".

"Paid In Full" must be accepted frankly as intended merely to entertain and not to be received as credible. The devoted mother, Mildred, the manly son, Denny, with a single weak streak, the sane, but well balanced Joan, a typical member of the younger generation, the kindly and capable Uncle from India, are stock figures from the novelist's repertoire. The construction is a standard pattern and the *machina* is plainly visible, while the *deus* brings about the essential coincidences.

The book, however, is thoroughly readable and interesting, written smoothly, and livened by a mild, genial humor, which is

(*Continued on next page*)

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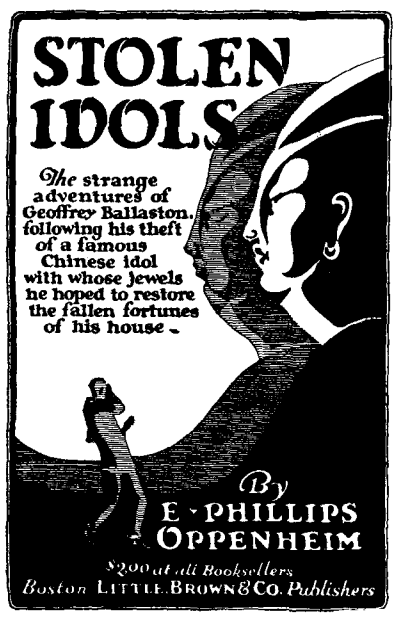

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

neither slap-stick nor subtle, by delightful dialogue at times becoming epigrammatic, and by clever verbal chaffing and badinage. It is sentimental without becoming bathetic, and appeals to one's better emotions without stirring them deeply.

THE MULBERRY BUSH. By SYLVIA LYND. Minton, Balch. 1925. $2.50.

The evanescent grace and beauty, the delicate charm that was the spirit of Katherine Mansfield, has left its trace upon the work of those who come after her. Her influence upon the younger British school of authors has been profound, and deeper, perhaps than we (or they) have realized. We have come gradually to realize that, in order actually to identify ourselves for a brief moment with another character (for that is the most we can expect from any short tale), it is not necessary to be told of his history, his antecedents, and expectations. A brief glimpse into another life before the door is slammed, a casual glance into the open window of a house, a momentary and inquisitive "taking down the fourth wall of a hero's head" and giving us a joy within, suffices.

In this book, Mrs. Lynd has, with a curious charm and admirable economy of words, given us glimpses into the lives of a number of people, all of them very English, most of them very human and recognizable. Perhaps the most delightful is the first (from which the book takes its name), a brief story of a tyrannical *pater familias*, who, having "pressed his wet moustache upon the legitimate cheeks of his five children" and departed in the morning, left behind a houseful of relief and glee.

There are many more of these intimate, revealing little glimpses into the unhappy hearts of exiled ladies, into the repressed minds of frightened young wives, into the bitter moods of neglected spinsters. Mrs. Lynd has felt each one and given them to us to feel with her, briefly, yet deeply.

THE SHIP OF SOULS. By EMERSON HOUGH. Appleton. 1925. $2.

Sometimes when we read the latest book of an author which seems to be greatly inferior to others he has written a feeling creeps over us that we may perhaps have overestimated those others, or that perchance our taste has changed. The former is always a pleasing thought. It intimates that our literary standards have reached a higher level.

It is seldom, however, that our interest reaches the pitch where it compels us to find out just what the truth is. But "The Ship of Souls," published after the death of its author, Emerson Hough, appeared to be so adverse to the memories we held of "The Covered Wagon" and "North of 53" that we procured those two and rapidly reread them.

Not to our surprise, but greatly to our disappointment (we had rather hoped that our standards *had* risen) we enjoyed both almost as much as when we first read them some time ago. The only conclusion then left was that Hough had by no means improved in his declining years, or, that "The Ship of Souls" is a resurrected early manuscript. We are inclined to believe the latter.

The plot is garish; the characters, for the most part, unreal. Christine, daughter of the half-crazy old factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, is the only one who ever comes to life.

Briefly, the story is that of Langley Barns, who comes from New York to the wilderness of the Arctic in order to escape his petulant wife who had found a later love. As usual, the city bred man proves himself to be *homo virtute*, and wins the hand of his lady fair. In this case, however, there is an obstacle in the undivorced wife back in New York. To do away with her requires the coming to Fort McTavish of the object of Langley's wife's later love, and the receipt of a wireless telephone call all the way from New York (5,000 miles away) on a small, portable, radio set. This heralds the death of the "obstacle," while the first aeroplane seen in those quarters brings a minister, unbidden, to marry Langley and Christine.

WILD BERRY WINE. By JOANNA CANNAN. Stokes. 1925. $2.

This novel is an anachronism. It belongs to the age of "John Halifax, Gentleman". A well written anachronism, in this allegedly sophisticated day, would be not unwelcome, but "Wild Berry Wine" is not well written. The characters are unreal, and the style is of the "came dawn", "came night" (there is even one "came supper") school. Whenever the author is deeply moved she uses the words "gold" and "golden" in deplorable profusion—often two or three times to the page.

But it is rather fun to read once more of the peasant of Saxon lineage who, with nothing but an Oxford education, a heroic war record, and a brilliant public career to recommend him, essays to marry the daughter of one of the old Norman families, and of the fearful hullabaloo which results; of the heroine who, upon discovering that her fiancée (a forty-year-old army colonel, a veteran of four years of war, and a well known man-about-town) is unvirginal, retires to a convent, emerging only to marry our hero, the virtuous M. P. peasant of Saxon lineage.

PERISSA. By S. P. B. MAIS. Brentano's. 1925. $2.

Here is a lively book—a bright, swiftly flowing narrative with plenty of good feeling and good sense in it. It tells the story of an English gentleman who had no trade or profession or capital when he mustered out of the expeditionary force; who had to take what he could find in the way of work, but was able to be discriminating in love. He can dance and he has an Oxford education. He is charming and good-looking and a man of character. He dances through a short season as a professional in a variety show, then teaches school for the rest of the year that the story fills. In the course of his adventures he wins the love of two women. One of them is the wife of a landed proprietor; the other, the hero's dancing-partner on tour. Let the reader discover in the last pages of the book which of these inamorata he finally makes happy. The uneven course of true love in Perissa makes very exciting reading. It is not only an unusually entertaining novel, but a very wholesome one. Stock romance is very prettily refurbished here and offers an afternoon and evening of healthful distraction, of wish-fulfilment *à la carte*.

The author of this unpretentious romance might have improved his book if he had avoided the more battered stereotypes of description. But the staleness of so many of his epithets is a surface staleness that hardly affects at all the freshness that characterizes the story as a whole. Another offense of the author's is the habit of fashion-plate specification. Again and again these rude interruptions break the story to tell us at dramatic crises what the well-dressed woman was wearing that season. But not to end with dispraise of a book which deserves high recommendation as "summer reading," let us remember the exuberant good humor and good health of Perissa and prescribe it enthusiastically for the hammock hours of the year's vacation.

MOUNTAINS OF MYSTERY. By ARTHUR O. FRIEL. Harpers. 1925. $2.

There is a good deal of crude—very crude—force in Mr. Friel's book, a sometimes thrilling account of the search of three Americans and some companions for a tribe of blond Indians in the heart of South America.

Mr. Friel attempts very much the same sort of thing that H. Rider Haggard has attempted in many of his novels, notably "Heu-Heu." There is, however, this difference between the work of the two men: Haggard frequently gets something into his stories beside bare narrative, say a bit of mild philosophy or somewhat subtle character drawing, and it cannot be denied that his novels, once picked up, are hard to put down; but in the case of Mr. Friel's novel there is nothing but what is intended to be breath-taking narrative, and the book can be laid aside at any time without any sense of loss.

ANGELINE OF THE HILL COUNTRY. By CORDIA GREER-PETRIE. Crowell. 1925. $1.50.

Mild amusement may be extracted from the chronicle of the antics and impressions of Angeline, and her husband, "Lum" a couple from the remote Kentucky Hill country, when they confront the urban civilization of Louisville—if one has a taste for broad dialect and the sort of "hayseed" jokes that used to furnish material for the comic weeklies. Their guide, with a singular failure in providing them any introductory explanations, shows them "society" and the cabaret, and even takes them to Chicago, the result being reported, for the most part, in Angeline's own words. There are entertaining episodes but the tale as a whole is too posed to be anything but a burlesque.

SACRILIGIOUS HANDS. By WILLIAM HENRY WARNER. Greenberg. 1925. $2.

The rising interest with which we followed the early stages of this story, we regret to say, was lost completely long before the close. We have seldom parted from a hero and heroine with less concern over what became of them than we felt for these two. Our indifference, we believe, is attributable to Mr. Warner's ponderous and slow-moving development of his theme, his lack of diverting ingenuity in filling unavoidable gaps between major incidents, his too obviously conventional method of narration. But his severest fault seems to us that of repetition—the business of needlessly allowing one character to impart at great length to another character information which the reader, incessantly and extensively, has had brought to his attention throughout the book.

Now for the story, which is inherently rich in original materials, turned, we fear, into a succession of lost or but partially mastered opportunities. Naomi is the youthful and lovely daughter of a venerable Jewish *savant*, who is the hereditary owner of priceless historic relics and manuscripts relating to the ancient glory and downfall of his people. He is a sort of modern Moses, longing to lead the chosen back to their native land, to their olden supremacy. The achievement by which he hopes to do this is to discover and restore the holy Ark

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of the Covenant which for twenty centuries has lain buried beneath the Temple at Jerusalem. He is sure of its hiding place, for he possesses the only written record which relates the actual facts of its whereabouts.

But the old man dies before he can undertake his inspired mission, and with his last breath utters a curse upon Naomi who has betrayed her people by loving a Gentile. With the latter and chaperoned by his aunt, Naomi sets forth upon the attempt to realize her father's dream. They reach the Holy Land, the two young people penetrate to the sealed sanctuary of the treasure, find it, and then—— Further than that, in justice to book and reader, we will not go. It seems to us that the author missed by a wide margin the rare chance he gave himself for producing a far better story than he herein offers.

MYSTERY IN RED. By SIDNEY WILLIAMS. Penn. 1925. $2.

There is none of the usual preparatory tinkering evident before this yarn takes a swift and early plunge into the seething waters of tempestuous action. Three gentlemen, Dr. Caswell, the elderly host, his younger friends, Anthony and Delancey, land from the sailing yacht, Viva, on Nyatt Island off the New England coast. They crave adventure, and all unsuspected it greets them the moment they set foot on the shore. "Are you Griffis?" asks a burly, club-footed individual of Delancey. "Suppose I am," answers the latter, and thereby lets himself and his two companions into the three most thrilling days they have ever experienced. The hostility and persecution of a powerful rum running aggregation, with receiving quarters on the island, immediately centers upon the newcomers, but there are numerous other characters and complications continuously supplied which insure a ceaseless round of excitement for the reader.

In totalling the list of attractions which combine to present a first class show of its kind, we may cite conspicuously: One murder, two abductions, two rapid-fire love affairs, intrigue, and mystification, all materializing with an adroit swiftness which keeps one constantly, if blindly, on the alert for what will happen next. And not the least agreeable feature of the whole lies in Mr. Williams's style which, for a novel of this sort, is singularly readable and cultivated. If there must be mystery stories (we are one who owns to a secret weakness for them), their quality could be immeasurably bettered were less creditable workers in the field to study Mr. Williams's prose as a guide to the mastery of pure and yet intensely vital diction.

THE MANSION HOUSE. By ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY. Century. 1925. $2.

Mrs. Kelly's third novel seems to be a perplexing compound of high lights and low, a venture perilously close, during parts of the narrative, to the banalities of the excessively sweet and wistful. In its early stages we feared an impending visitation of the dread Pollyanna pestilence, but as Judy, the heroine, mastered her precocious and over-serious concern with life in general, to become a normal, perfectly intelligible figure of attractive girlhood, we lost our premonitions and grew keenly interested.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

SEA HORSES. By *Francis Brett Young.* (Knopf).

DIONYSUS IN DOUBT. By *Edwin Arlington Robinson.* (Macmillan).

WILLIAM BLAKE IN THIS WORLD. By *Harold Bruce.* (Harcourt, Brace).

F. K. M., Delevan, Ill., asks me to choose, for review before a visiting club, a novel "whose ink is hardly dry from the press" that in my opinion will be one of the outstanding successes of the season.

THE ink will be dry enough on Edith Wharton's "The Mother's Recompense" (Appleton) by the time this gets into print, but from an advance copy now at hand I choose this book, not only for F. K. M., but as one of Mrs. Wharton's most important novels. At last she gives us true tragedy, clean-cut and direct, in those exalted social circles that she seemed hitherto to deem worthy only of satire, comedy or melodrama. Indeed there have been moments when we feared that she might believe that high tragedy was possible only on a very limited income, as in "Ethan Frome." Even Lily Bart could not quite bring it off. Here, in "The Mother's Recompense," is an old and indelicate situation—Maurice Donnay made famous use of it on the stage—and under this skilful and sympathetic touch it comes as new as pain. At the close it has the little moment of transfiguration that in life or art is worth all one goes through to get it.

HOBBIES are coming in for K. S. P. M. W. K., Pittsburgh, Pa., says "I recommend my particular hobby, which seems to fill all his specifications: bookbinding and tooling the bound book afterwards in original designs. It is inexpensive, may lead to an income, if he is good enough at it, and I found it very interesting." To this I say amen; it might be well to warn K. S. P. that he must not mind a pain in the arm for the first few weeks. But how this hobby does take hold of the heart of its rider!

MANY a reading club has the Guide fitted out with lists too long for publication, but if all letters asking for them were like this of J. B. M., Mt. Airy, Pa., the lists would be better fits.

Fifteen of us, girls out of college five or six years, have been organized for two years into a book club. In the spring and fall we each buy a novel which we pass through the club at our meetings, held every two weeks. We also have, for each season, some book which we take to study and on which we have two or three reports, dependent upon outside reading, for each meeting.

Some of the novels most of the girls have enjoyed have been "Scaramouche," "Captain Blood," "The Romance of the Last Crusade," "So Big," "The Little French Girl," "Nina," "Old New York," "Dr. Nye," "Rugged Water," "The Golden Cocoon," "The Three Hostages," "Ancient Fires." Among the books we have considered more thoroughly are Papini's "Life of Christ," "Queen Victoria," and the "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page."

"Arrowsmith" (Harcourt), of course, the noblest novel of our year. There are sudden mountain peaks in it and stretches of suburban dulness and the part about the plague in the West Indies tears away from the book altogether and leaves the reader spent and breathless for the rest of the story, but uneven and all, there is about it an authentic greatness.

The evident liking of this group for adventure stories reminds me that by the record they have not yet found Masefield's "Sard Harker" (Macmillan), prince of breath-takers, also that Crosbie Garstin has produced the second novel in his series that began with "The Owls' Nest" (Stokes). It has the same hero, and is called "High Noon" (Stokes); it is concerned with piracy and the slave-trade in the eighteenth century; Ortho Penhale is too good to lose, and the last page shows him striding into a future third volume. Garstin is an Irishman whose hero is Cornish, but Donn Byrne's "O'Malley of Shanganagh" (Century) is Irish and so is the deep beauty of the tale. I recommend this novel especially to anyone whose eyes trouble him, yet who reads new fiction; he will get more charm and longer thoughts from it than from the same amount of eye-strain anywhere else expended.

"The Mother's Recompense," by Edith Wharton (Appleton), I have named above, and sounded praises of William Dudley Pelley's comic-tragedy of family ties, "Drag" (Little, Brown). The humor of Robert Grant's "The Bishop's Granddaughter" (Scribner), another novel about family ties and the ease with which in high society in this country they may be untied, is more restrained but just as unforced. Read the first page of Somerset Maugham's "The Painted Veil" (Doran) and see if you can stop for at least a hundred pages more. This book is so well done that it makes me believe, for the time at least, that it really did come out as he says it did. So far as I am concerned, "This Mad Ideal" (Knopf) is Floyd Dell's best novel. The virtue of the heroine, if not her reputation altogether, reaches the last page reasonably unimpaired; she is so real that she takes the story in her own hands and runs it.

May Sinclair's "The Rector of Wyck" (Macmillan) is about a good man and his wife; a book full of the peace of God that we are so often adjured to take out of church with us and that we so often do, especially if we brought it in. This, it appears, is the case with this clergyman, who brought his religion to the altar and there consecrated it. Sheila Kaye-Smith's "The George and the Crown" (Dutton) is as much concerned with fatherhood and a man's world as with woman's part in life: the strongest interest to me is in the contrasts of life in British Sussex and French-speaking Sark. If short stories are included, let not "Young Mrs. Cruse," by Viola Meynell (Harcourt, Brace) be overlooked; it has stories that can be put with some of those by Katherine Mansfield. One finds again in this collection the priceless "The Letter."

"Mrs. Mason's Daughters," by Mathilde Eiker (Macmillan), is the American volume of a trilogy of which the others are the French "Three Daughters of M. Dupont," by Brieux, and the Russian "Three

(*Continued on next page*)

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rather than remotely admire is an attitude congenial to this generation; and one that has been evoked by many sympathetic studies of earlier masters of poetry and prose. Ruth Shepard Phelps has done a service for all lovers and students of Petrarch in giving them still another volume on the arrangement of the *Canzoniere.* Regarding her conclusions, she says: "Yet our recognition of Petrarch's susceptibility to the common human exigencies, while it perhaps destroys the myth of a superhumanly perfect and impeccable artist, at the same time seems to bring us nearer to Petrarch the man. . . ." *The Earlier and Later Forms of Petrarch's Canzoniere.* By Ruth Shepard Phelps. $3.00, postpaid $3.15.

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

The story, because of its complete preoccupation with the antiquated types and ways of the old fashioned, but still sur-Sisters," of Chekhov. That these are both plays does not change the combination: each of them shows the struggles of three sisters, middle class and approaching middle age, to escape from the futile monotony of their lives. Miss Eiker's women come off rather better: one finds fulfilment in the Church, one—she is a near relation of Rolland's Sylvie—in business success and a second marriage, and the story of the third is the basis of the book. It is the first novel I have read with the routine, politics, and atmosphere of an American public school (Fernada is a high school teacher) figuring largely. If this is, as indicated, a first novel, it is as surprising a performance as Louis Bromfield's "The Green Bay Tree." As for "Drums," by James Boyd (Scribner) this novel of the American Revolution could be taken for one of the books that this group uses for study as well as entertainment: it brings a boy through the crisis in North Carolina, to England and to France, introduces Charles Fox, and more than introduces Paul Jones. "The Carolinian," the new Sabatini (Houghton Mifflin) is the same period; South Carolina in 1774.

From "The Cobweb," by Margaretta Tuttle (Little, Brown), one may learn haw to manage a Fifth Avenue butler or a country newspaper: Elizabeth Jordan's "Red Riding Hood" (Century) is a cheerful and exciting mystery story, and Stephen McKenna's "An Affair of Honour" (Little, Brown) a comedy of a duel staged for circulation purposes and taken all too seriously by the authorities. "Mrs. William Horton Speaking," by Fannie Kilbourne (Dodd, Mead) is a "First Year" in fiction, a book for young married people. And of course whatever the list holds it must have "The Constant Nymph," and it may well add another Doubleday, Page novel, "Love," by Elizabeth of the German Garden. Her earlier acidity is ripened out in this sympathetic story of a woman loved by a man younger than herself, and the last chapter has the quality of the novel some of us cherish as her finest production, "Fraülein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther."

If mystery stories should be desired by this or any other book-club that may be taking this list as guide, since I sent to print the list lately appearing I have read "Fingerprints," by Hunter Stimson (Holt), which ends each chapter with a furious situation; Carolyn Wells's "Face Cards" (Putnam), introducing clay masks supposed to exert magic, protective and otherwise; "The Loring Mystery," by Jeffrey Farnol (Little, Brown), a Dickensy tale of the court-dress period, and Alice Brown's "Mysteries of Ann" (Macmillan) in which a spinster addicted to detective stories nearly gets drawn into a local homicide by taking so much interest in the proceedings.

For the biographies, Amy Lowell's "John Keats" (Houghton Mifflin), M. G. D. Bianchi's "Emily Dickinson" (Houghton Mifflin) and, to follow Strachey, Sidney Lee's official biography of "King Edward VII" (Macmillan). For the one book I would get if I had a year's study to map out, "A History of the American Frontier," by Frederick Paxson (Houghton, Mifflin).

Nora Archibald Smith writes: "As you mentioned my sister's 'Quilt of Happiness' in your last issue I send you my 'Drawn-in Rug' to be used in the same room."

IT is a tender and lovely poem, and anyone who loves and collects these expressions of our native genius should collect a copy of *Contemporary Verse* for February, 1918, where the poem appeared. *D. T. P., Cambridge, Mass.*, says that of the books about the last decade of the last century, he likes better even than Holbrook Jackson's "The 1890's" a new one just published in London, "The Beardsley Period," by Osbert Burdett. (It has just been brought out in this country by Boni & Liveright.) He says "Mr. Burnett takes a novel point of view in considering that the nineties lasted rather from 1885 to 1895, and he furthermore excludes from his survey all the odds and ends of people who were writing in other than the Beardsley style. Thus he gets a much more unified book than Mr. Jackson's. At the same time, he has a rather more philosophical point of view, and is much more interested in tracing tendencies and relationships than in making a hash of book-review paragraphs. What he has to say of Oscar Wilde is rich!"

Jane Manner the dramatic reader tells C. D. B. that Eudora Sellner shows "The History of Clothing in the Costume Design Plates"; the series can be obtained from the *School Arts Magazine*, 44 Portland St., Worcester, Mass., also from the Taylor System of Color Harmony in this city.

H. N. Y., New York, asks for a book giving routes of walks in the neighborhood of New York.

THIS is "The New York Walk Book," by Raymond Torrey, Frank Place, Jr., and Robert L. Dickinson, and is published by the American Geographical Society, Broadway and 155th Street. I have had strong commendation for it from disinterested and persistent walkers hereabout, who have tried it repeatedly. It includes country about us as far as the Catskills, with Interstate Park, Long Island, and trips in Connecticut. There are 80 pen sketches by Dr. Dickinson and eight detailed topographic maps.

"Through Field and Woodland," by Alice Rich Northrop (Putnam), is a companion for nature students in field trips, especially in the districts covered by the "Walk Book." In one large volume there is information on flowers, shrubs and trees, ferns, mosses and fungi, small animals and birds, reptiles, insects, and pond and brook life. Mrs. Northrop prepared this book as the result of her devoted work for nature study, especially in connection with Hunter College and for the School Nature League; it remains as memorial to a career of usefulness cut short by an automobile accident in 1922. It does not do away with a shelfful of field-guides, but for the walker who wishes to make the most of his trip, keeps his eyes open, and likes to look up the name and story of what he sees, it gives him many books in one.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

viving, Kentucky artistocracy, is of the school broadly termed "sectional."

Therefore, one should be prepared to meet a numerous supporting personnel of stock dummies, gallant old Southern gentlemen, faithful black retainers, exquisitely aloof maiden ladies. The present resurrection gathers them beneath the threatening shadows of perennial mortgages and debts which plaster the ancestral "Treaty Oak," or The Mansion House of the title. In the struggle of its hereditary owners to maintain possession, we are pleased to report that Judy performs no miracles and contributes but a modestly helpful mite toward the victory. She is an uncommonly substantial and lifelike person, with a heavy burden of varied trials which she bears stoically and bravely until the hard-won rewards are ripe for her gathering. It did not seem to us that the remainder of the book remotely approached the high level of excellence embodied in the characterization of Judy. The author sometimes resorts to ready-made, over familiar materials to secure anticipated results, delivering these vital blows with a sort of blind and defiant incertitude. She gives evidence too of a tendency to over-write in passages where restraint is difficult and all important. But in the creation of background and atmosphere, in the ability to evoke single scenes with an eloquent and penetrating clarity, she is signally successful.

History

THE TUDOR TRANSLATIONS. Sallust's "Catiline" and "Jugurtha." Translated by THOMAS HEYWOOD. A. D. 1608. "The Famous Hystory of Herodotus." Translated by B. R. A. D. 1584. Knopf. 1925.

These two volumes of the Tudor Translations series—an edition limited to 1,025 copies—will be very acceptable to readers who enjoy their classics with the distinctive flavor of Elizabethan prose. One might be inclined to think Thomas Heywood, versatile though he was, unfitted to give a good rendering of Sallust's characteristic terseness and condensation of expression. It is true that Heywood's prose is marked by the redundancy and expansion of the Elizabethan translators, but there is a relationship of mind between the Renaissance English dramatist who was accused of employing a man to collect archaisms and the historian whom Asinius Pollio charged with a similar plagiarism from the works of Cato and older Roman writers. Sallust's brevity, so effective in Latin, tends to become mere baldness in English, with its greater need of verbs and prepositions, and so Heywood's spiritual kinship with his original probably enables him to give the English reader a more faithful impression of the Roman historian than would otherwise have been the case.

The "B. R." who translated two books of Herodotus out of a promised nine remains unknown to us despite the conjectures of critics. That the translation was made from Valla's Latin version and not directly from the Greek has been established beyond reasonable doubt. As with Heywood's rendering of Sallust, we find redundancy, a certain nonchalance, and a picturesque imagination that adds touches of color to descriptive passages: however, there is an anecdotal gaiety suitable to Herodotus with his many digressions; as the Introduction puts it, ". . . he gives us Herodotus on a different plane."

OLD PROVINCE TALES. By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1924.

Professor MacMechan has searched out from old Nova Scotian records material for these stirring tales. Unwilling that certain exploits, for the most part maritime, should become merely legendary, he has rescued the facts and made from them coherent and authoritative narratives. His work is excellently done; friends of Nova Scotia and her rugged past are deeply in his debt.

The first tale concerns itself with the French and Indian Wars, and the accounts come down in chronological order to the 'seventies of the nineteenth century. The American War of Independence, the War of 1812, the days when Yarmouth was the home port of the proudest fleet of the Provinces,—all these periods form successive backgrounds for almost unbelievable feats of heroism.

These conflicts with the elements and with villainous humanity are awe-inspiring in their revelations of the heights to which man's endurance and courage can rise. They are vivid, provoking to the imagination, worthy material for a Conrad. They sweep the reader from his accustomed rut, bringing him scenes and personalities that thrill him with pride of human accomplishment. To lovers of adventure on the sea, to devotees of rarely exciting tales well told, this volume may be heartily recommended.

Juvenile

THAT'S THAT. By BETH A. RETNER. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $1.50.

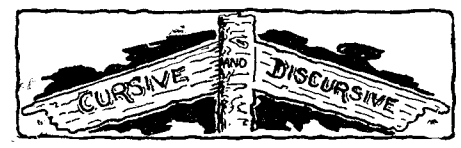
This is a volume of fourteen short fairy tales—each with a lesson of its own. There is the tale of Do and Did, and how the rich Dids learned that children made laughter when gold eggs could not; and there is the story of Minna, who told her woes to the big oak tree so that it died of grief, and when Minna returned from visiting the King with a pleasant tale to tell, the old oak tree was no longer able to hear. So these queer little people are like some queer real people, after all, and through their contacts with each other and the adventures they have, they each at some time discover that "that's that."

THE MYSTERIOUS TUTOR. By GLADYS BLAKE. Appleton. 1925. $1.75.

This is a mystery story for young people, with a Southern plantation for its setting. It has the mechanics of the adult mystery tale, with a touch of exaggeration to give edge to the problem of solving it. Incidentally it is made the vehicle for the author's affection for and familiarity with plantation life—her pictures of a big, old fashioned family, with its brothers and sisters and cousins and uncles and aunts, and their numerous negro retainers, are not only full of human interest but have many bright touches of humor as well. Both girls and boys of fifteen and over will be delighted with this story.

PEDLAR'S WARE. By MARGARET and MARY BAKER. Duffield. 1925. $1.50.

With a gift for silhouette picture-making the Baker sisters have filched the magic recipe for concocting fairy stories from some ancient cupboard of the Land of Make Believe. Four tales comprise the volume—which is square and flat in size, black and white in effect—the stories these: "The Sad Princess," "The Leprechaun," "The Ghost and the Shadow," and "The Princess and the Beggar Maid." Quaint in conceit and simply told, these tales will carry children into a fairy world filled with gifts of kind deeds, happy thoughts, and pleasant fancies—the kind of world that even grown-ups can enter and return from with a smile in the heart.



By THE PHŒNICIAN

IF you are a connoisseur of "Blues," set aside Sunday evening, May seventeenth, and slide down to the Greenwich Village Theatre to hear *Handy's* Band and Minstrels in an old-fashioned minstrel show with an up-to-date interpretation of Jazz and Charleston. Blues of the true Mississippi quality will also be offered to serious students of folksong and folk-dancing. *W. C. Handy* is "father of the blues," and widely known as the composer of the "Beale Street Blues," the song that introduced Gilda Gray to Broadway. * * * *Witter Bynner* will have a new book of poems out this fall, the first in five years. It will be called "Caravan." * * * It is interesting to know that the chapters of *Archibald Henderson's* "Table Talk of G. B. S.," the various dialogues between Bernard Shaw and his biographer, were originally published simultaneously in divers magazines and journals in Europe, England, and these United States. They appeared in the *Preussische Jahrbuch*, the *Neue Revue*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the English *Fortnightly*, and, in America, in the *Bookman*, the *Forum*, the *Century*, and *Harper's*. * * * Duffield announces that on May 20th they will bring out "The Polyglots" by *William Gerhardi*, who wrote that brilliant novel, "Futility." For two years Gerhardi, in the isolation of a small Tyrolese town, has devoted himself to writing "The Polyglots." We feel, that on the strength of his "Futility" it is a book we can unhesitatingly recommend "sight unseen" to all true appreciators of distinguished writing. * * * People who are becoming interested in the strange and piquant literary style of *Virginia Woolf*, whose latest novel, "Mrs. Dalloway," has just been published, are asking who she is. Well, she is the wife of *Leonard Woolf*, literary editor of the London *Nation & Athenaeum*. She and her husband conduct the Hogarth Press in London, which, starting as a recreation, has lately become a considerable publishing business. Mrs. Woolf is also the youngest daughter of the late Sir *Leslie Stephen*. Her sister, *Vanessa Bell*, the wife of *Clive Bell*, the well-known art critic, has designed the book-wrappers of her latest novel. * * * *Miguel de Unamuno* is now generally regarded as Spain's most distinguished man of letters. His "Essays and Soliloquies," with an introduction by *J. E. Crawford Flitch*, were recently published by Knopf. This is the first of Unamuno's books to appear in English since his exile from Spain, which caused such vigorous protest throughout the world of letters. * * * If you like ghost stories you ought to get hold of *Charles G. Harper's* "Haunted Houses" (Lippincott). The account of the Vampire of Croglin Grange, and that which Mr. Harper thinks might well be entitled "The Phantom Monk" are exceedingly eerie. Mr. Harper is also the author of "Queer Things About London," and "More Queer Things About London," and in the fall will be published "London: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" by the same author. * * * *Danford Barney*, who published *Parabalou* several years ago, thus enshrining much of the best undergraduate poetry then being produced at Yale, has been hoping again to establish a magazine of moderate proportions, for poetry in general. He believes that a journal that will print two kinds of poetry difficult to place, namely poems written on obscure themes and unusually long poems, is necessary to literature. We can endorse Mr. Barney as a thoroughly trustworthy sponsor for such a magazine, and wish him all success. * * * We are interested in *The Living Age* telling us that in the late *James Elroy Flecker's* "War Song of the Saracens," a poem we have always greatly admired, bits of an Arabic original are apparent. The poet's oriental studies at Cambridge influenced his verse. Flecker was preparing for a consulate in the Near East and the linguistic course for student interpreters acquainted him with an Arabic poem which spoke of the spear as the Broker of Dooms and the sword as a Physician in the Desert. * * * *Sheila Kaye-Smith's* new novel "The George and the Crown," which has run serially in *Harper's Magazine*, is available in book-form, with this difference, that it is now to be obtained just as it left the author's hand, full length and untouched in every respect; whereas as it appeared serially in *Harper's* it was cut down some 30,000 words in order to meet space requirements.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

THE McCUTCHEON SALE

THE sale of first editions of Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson, the property of George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist, at the American Art Galleries on April 20 and 21, will be one of the landmarks in the bibliographical history of modern first editions. The Hardy, Kipling, and Stevenson collectors who have been busy collecting during the last ten or fifteen years will take a great deal of satisfaction in studying the prices of this sale, for seldom have so many high records been made in three auction sessions. The star Hardy item was a first edition of "Desperate Remedies," 3 vols., 12mo, original cloth, London, 1871, with an author's autograph letter inserted, which brought $2,100. The highest priced Kipling item was "The Smith Administration," 8vo, brown cloth, Allahabad, 1891, first edition which was suppressed, which brought $4,100. Only six copies are known, four of which are in this country: the C. T. Crocker, P. A. Valentine, and J. A. Spoor copies, and this one. The gem of the Stevenson collection proved to be "The South Seas," 12mo, London, 1890, the rare first issue privately printed as "copy" for syndicate use, which brought $1,900. This copy was used by Stevenson and others in giving directions to the printer, and has numerous notations, corrections, deletions, and additions in Stevenson's handwriting. The 806 lots brought $63,900.

Other rare and valuable lots and the prices realized were the following:

Hardy (Thomas). "Under the Greenwood Tree," 2 vols., 12mo, original cloth, London, 1872. First edition. $240.

Hardy. "A Pair of Blue Eyes," 3 vols., 12mo, original cloth, London, 1873. First edition. $410.

Hardy. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," 3 vols., 12mo, original cloth, London, 1891. First edition with autograph manuscript of the explanatory note inserted. $390.

Hardy. "The Dynasts," 3 vols., 12mo, original cloth, London, 1903-06-08. First editions, Part I is an autograph presentation copy from the author and dated 1903, which is extremely rare. $2,100.

Kipling (Rudyard). "The United Services Chronicle," 29 numbers, 4to, in case, Bideford, 1878-94. $1,150.

Kipling. "Schoolboy Lyrics," 16mo, original brown paper covers, Lahore, 1881. The first edition of the author's first book. $1,300.

Kipling. "Captains Courageous," corrected galley proofs of the first 27 pages of Chapter I with changes in the handwriting of the author, New York, 1897. $80.

Kipling. "Just So Stories, The Elephant's Child," 12mo, wrappers, London, 1900. First and copyright issue of which 25 copies were printed. $320.

Kipling. "Cold Iron," 12mo, wrappers, London, 1909. First and copyright issue and the only copy that has ever appeared at public sale. $360.

Kipling. "Brother Square Toes," 8vo, original buff wrappers, New York, 1909. First edition and copyright issue. $490.

Stevenson (Robert Louis). "The Pentland Rising," 12mo, original wrappers, Edinburgh, 1866. First edition of the author's first publication. $260.

Stevenson. "Not I and Other Poems," 24mo, sewed, wrappers, Davos, 1881. First edition. $310.

Stevenson. "Virginibus Puerisque and Other Papers," 12mo, original cloth, London, 1881. First edition of unusual association interest, the identical copy presented by the author to his father and afterwards owned again by him. $220.

Stevenson. "The Tramps," 16mo, 4pp., in case, Edinburgh, 1882. Trial proof of woodcut and verses which afterwards appeared in "The Graver and the Pen." $400.

Stevenson. "The Graver and the Pen," 24mo, in case, Edinburgh, 1882. First edition once owned by the author's mother. $300.

Stevenson. "The Silverado Squatters," royal 8vo, wrappers, in case, London, 1883. First edition and first installment of the story as it appeared in *The Century Magazine*. $950.

Stevenson. "Treasure Island," 12mo, original cloth, in case, London, 1883. First edition with A. L. S. of the author inserted. $600.

Stevenson. "The Hanging Judge," royal 8vo, in case, Edinburgh, 1887. First issue and unknown to collectors and bibliographers up to the time this copy was sold at the Red Cross sale in London early in 1918. $1,150.

THE WILLIAMS SALE.

SELECTIONS from the library of Dr. C. F. Williams, of Hartford, Conn., comprising first editions, mainly of nineteenth century authors, colored plate books, and a few autograph letters and manuscripts, sold at the American Art Galleries April 23 and 24, brought $14,717. The highest price, $2,050, was paid by James F. Drake for a first edition of Hawthorne's first book, "Fanshawe," printed in Boston in 1828. This was the Herschel V. Jones copy which brought $660 in January, 1919. The Wakeman copy, sold at auction a year ago, fetched $1,025, just one-half of this new high record price.

Other interesting items and the prices realized were the following:

Aesop and Gay. "Fables," with 112 plates by Stathard, Landseer and others, 4 vols., polished calf by Bartlett, London, 1893. Stockdale's beautiful edition. $160.

Alken (Henry). Pierce Egan's "Real Life in Ireland," with colored plates by Henry Alken and others, royal 8vo, three-quarters levant by Champs, London, 1821. Large paper copy of the first edition. $200.

Combe (William). The three "Tours" of Dr. Syntax, colored plates by Thomas Rowlandson, 3 vols., 8vo, levant by Wood, London, 1812-21. First editions. $160.

Dickens (Charles). "A Christmas Carol," with colored etchings by John Leech, 12mo, original cloth, in case, London, 1844. Rarest issue of the first edition. $290.

Dickens. "A Tale of Two Cities," 8 in 7 original parts, 8vo, in case, London, 1839. Superb copy of the earliest issue of the first edition. $460.

Goldsmith (Oliver). "The Traveller," 4to, levant by Reviere, London, 1765. Accepted first edition. $250.

Goldsmith. "The Good Natur'd Man," 8vo, levant by Reviere, London, 1768. First edition. $105.

Goldsmith. "She Stoops to Conquer," 8vo, levant by Reviere, London, 1773. First issue of the first edition. $145.

Harte (Bret). "The Lost Galleon and Other Tales," 12mo, original cloth, San Francisco, 1867. First edition, Herschel V. Jones copy. $135.

Hawthorne (Nathaniel). "Famous Old People," 12mo, cloth, Boston, 1841. First edition, Chamberlain copy. $160.

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FOR SALE—First edition Conrad's Tales of Unrest. Ex-library copy, cover waterstained, uncut, clean. Price $45. First edition Darwin's Origin of Species. Loose, but clean, uncut, $20. Parker Sherwin, Edgecliff, Spokane, Wash.

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Four Successful Plays Now on Broadway Reviewed More Than Ten Years Ago

C. E. MONTAGUE
author of
Dramatic Values

In 1911 C. E. Montague's "Dramatic Values" was published in England. The few copies that found their way into this country were so jealously guarded that it was impossible to secure one.

Now, with its American publication, it is possible for those who were left out to understand why the earlier copies were closely held.

Of particular interest to playgoers of this season is the fact that the author presents opinions on no less than four of the current offerings. *Alt-Heidelberg,* now *The Student Prince,* leaves him somewhat perplexed, but by no means tongue-tied.

Ibsen comes in for a comprehensive discussion, both as to the part he played in the technical development of the drama and the social significance of his plays. The analysis of *The Wild Duck* amounts to an explanation, without the effect of anti-climax that explanations so often bring.

Candida and *Caesar and Cleopatra* are not omitted from the chapter on Shaw. "In Candida," says Mr. Montague, "he (Shaw) studied with shrewdness and humour what, on the analogy of 'potter's paralysis' and 'matchmaker's jaw' might be called 'altruist's egoism,' the kind of booming, trumpeting satisfaction in one's own portrait of oneself that is apt to infest parliaments, town councils, pulpits, and most places where good is done, or attempted, in public."

For those interested in the Play Jury, there is a chapter on The Wholesome Play that buzzes merrily and mercilessly over and around the censorship question, with frequent alightings to drive home the painful sting of an adult intelligence.

"Dramatic Values" is above all a sophisticated book. Florid generalities and amiable personalities are not to be found in it. There is a meticulous regard for detail, an ability to give a thousand facts the gay air of a thousand fancies, that imparts to the perceptive reader a tingling impression as of being struck by the myriad jets of hard-driven water in a needle shower.

Dramatic Values
by C. E. Montague
Author of "Fiery Particles,"
"A Hind Let Loose," etc.

Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00

The Phoenix Nest

Nothing to Say

IT was the first morning in many that David Davis had awakened before the alarm-clock. His watch was on the little table beside him and it told him so. He always laid out the watch as a sort of extra incentive to haste. The alarm-clock, a nickel-bright Big Benjamin, stood over on the dresser.

The watch said that the alarm-clock wouldn't go off for ten minutes. David Davis lay quite still and looked through the little window by the side of his bed into the early morning sunlight on the countryside.

It wasn't real countryside. Davis lived in a suburb. He saw a jig-saw scrollwork corner of the house next door. But beyond it he saw a golden elm-tree—for this was in the Fall—and a mellowly yellowed field that the railroad abruptly bisected further on. But the railroad tracks gleamed like silver.

Silver tracks ran into the sun and curved into sight of the turrets of that tall red town. The rufous walls of stone rose like solid flame into the sunset. There were bronze gates thirty feet high that opened widely and noiselessly as the silent electrical train glided through them. On the tesselated marble platform seethed the multicolored throng, with shouts and banners. And then the girl with cornflower eyes and spungold hair turned and saw David Davis at the train window. . . .

Whirr-ang-ang-ang-ang-ang-ang-ang-ang-ang-ang, said the alarmclock. Ang-ang-ang-ang-ang-ang-ang—. David Davis rose. He arose expeditiously. He struggled into his frayed dressing-gown and opened the door to the hall. He sighed with relief. The bath-room door stood open. He hurried to his bath.

Miss Itchen said at the boarding-house breakfast table: "Nice clear morning, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh, yeah, ah—," rejoined David Davis between spoonfuls of cornflakes. Mr. Barkley, gray moustached, regarded him over his paper critically. He sat across the table. "Keep you busy these days?" he inquired. David Davis thought he said it to Miss Itchen. His spoon plowed again into the cornflakes. Miss Itchen looked at him. Mr. Barkley looked at him. Suddenly he realized, "Oh—uh—" he spluttered, "Yeah—I—ah—" They turned their attention to each other.

David Davis glanced again at his watch. He rose hurriedly and awkwardly, stuffing it in his watch pocket. He blushed painfully and sidled to the curtained doorway. He half turned, with an awkward nod. "Well—a—oh—uh," he enunciated, and blundered through the curtains.

"Ass!" Mr. Barkley hissed suddenly, as David began his morning sprint in the street outside. "Oh, he's hopeless," shrugged Miss Itchen, and rose, neatly folding her napkin.

Once on the 8:20 David Davis buried himself behind a morning paper. "Wales May Wed," said a headline. It was a great attraction of Alamair, the vast May festival of the Whales Wedding. One went forth from Alamair in a great golden bucentaur, with scrolled scarlet bannerets blowing. Fifty musicians all in blue and silver burst into music beneath the vermilion awning. By David's side on the deeply cushioned double-throne of the poop sat the girl with cornflower eyes and spungold hair. Like himself she wore a high and many-pointed crown. The bronze-backed rowers rowed for the ocean. Soon the sea breeze freshened and they were out of sight of land. Before them, in the blue dazzle, suddenly arose two tumbling islands, two floating mammoths cavorting in the deep. "The Royal Whales—!" cried a herald. . . .

"'Seat c'pied?" asked the giant. Without waiting for an answer he sat down by and partially *on* David Davis. Davis pressed himself closely against the window and lowered his newspaper perforce. It kept getting in his eye.

"Some weather, aint it?" said the stout giant jovially. He fixed a powerful gaze on David.

"Oh—yeah—uh-huh—ee—," responded David.

"See where they caught this McLintock the gun-man got away with half a million—," continued the stout man, eyeing David curiously.

"Uh? Oh—yeah—ah," said David.

In the gun-room of the palace at Alamair there were some remarkable weapons. There was the great triple-barreled giraffe gun that necessitated three bearers. It was studded with turquoise. One took it along on the trek through the Glacial Mountains where the Giant Giraffes came down in the Spring to feed. As for one's self, one rode on a white elephant. In the swaying howdah beside one reclined the graceful girl with cornflower eyes and spungold hair. She was clothed in white satin and waved languidly a fan of flamingo feathers. "Oh David, *really?*" She turned to him with wide eyes full of light. "Oh David, *really!* Oh, my, aren't you *brave!*" "It was nothing, really nothing," he said in his beautiful world-weary voice, with sad modesty. "I am a rather good shot, that is all!" "But the sixteen sabretooth tigers were charging?" she pressed him. "It required a little presence of mind," he answered, "just a trifle. And, I suppose, a bit of luck. Anyway, I managed to pick them all off before they quite came up to me. Several dropped dead at my feet," he added with a tragic smile. . . .

The stout man heaved himself up heavily. He did not address David as he surged into the aisle. His brow was corrugated and he was talking to himself. "Some people . . . pin-head grouch . . . nothing above the neck . . . half-portion!" was part of what he was saying.

David Davis found a difficult job of inventorying awaiting him at the office. It occupied him almost exclusively. "Six gross monkey wrenches. . . ." Al Babson continued in his chant. "Ri'," rejoined David. And in the jungles of Alamair, such a chattering in the tree-tops. Gray lemurs, little pompadoured, wizened-faced vine swingers. The cascade of cocoanuts, cocoanuts wrenched from greenery and flung wildly at the birds of bright plumage that flashed red and green and blue and gold through the verdurous gloom. The cocoanuts bursting at the foot of the great-branched trees on moss like emerald velvet. If you lifted one to your lips you reeled with its golden liquor. Not milk. Not cocoanut milk. But wine! Wine! These were no ordinary cocoanuts!

"'Snuff!" said Babson. "Gosh I'm thirsty. Aren't you? So dusty in this basement. Go to lunch now, huh?"

"Yeah—well I—er—," said David.

"Well, suit yourself. I'm going. Back here in half an hour. Then we'll finish up."

"Yeah—uh-huh!"

"Trouble is with Davis," said Babson to Hicks, bearing his plate away from the counter of the Hudson lunch. "Trouble with Davis you can't get a decent word out of him. Sometimes I think he's darn near deef-an-dumb. Does his work all right. Got sense. But he aint my idea of anyone to talk to."

"You said it," said Hicks, "'cept for his work I think he's all gone in the upper story. You take it now you'd think a guy would have some other interest in life, know what I mean. Sumpin to talk about once in a while. Stead o' that he slips in an' out and don't pass two words with anyone. Oh, well, I should worry,—but it must be a hell of a life."

"Um-hump," ruminated Babson, "mus' be a hell of a life when you aint got nothin' to say!"

W. R. B.

The Salad Bowl

In common with many other writers, Arnold Bennett always carries a notebook—usually a Walker's loose-leaf book—in his pocket. As he is a methodical man, you will find his notebook always in the same pocket of whatever suit he is wearing; and you will always find that book night after night on the table near his bed when he accomplishes the act common to us all of undressing for bed. . . . One of the laws he has laid down for himself is to write in the morning from the notes taken the day before. But the fundamental and most important law which he first obeys is to make himself his early cup of tea, usually about seven o'clock. It sounds rather hard that a man of his *timbre*, with people at his disposal (a lady secretary and many servants) has to make his own tea. But this is his choice, though naturally one tries to spare him, the master of the house, as much trouble as possible. Every night a tray containing a spirit lamp, matches, teapot, cup and saucer and spoon, is put into his bedroom, tea and sugar being kept in an antique tea-caddy in the room. This early cup of tea made and taken, the writer begins his day's work by reading in bed until it is time for him to have his bath.

—*Arnold Bennett*, by Mrs. Arnold Bennett.

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